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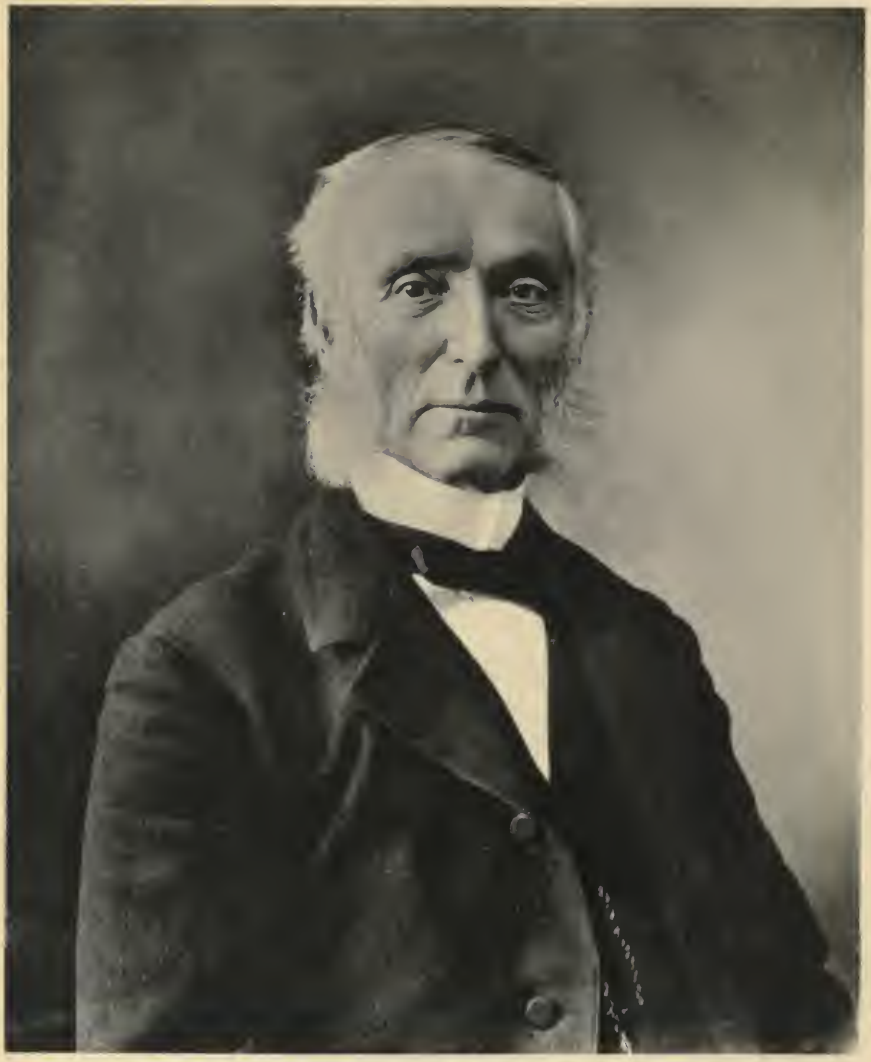

John Bascom

Things Learned by Living

By

John Bascom

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PREFACE

THIS brief volume is so far of the nature of personal memorabilia, that I do not care to introduce it to the public except through an obviously open door. I leave it, therefore, to others to give or withhold as circumstances may make way for it. Clinging to my convictions with that tenacity which belongs to every healthy mind, I do not doubt that there are many truths in my published works of which the world is finding or will find, the need. I am by no means as certain, however, that these principles will be consciously derived from this source. The truths themselves lie on the horizon of many minds, and are ready to find entrance, sooner or later, at many points. So far as my writings shall contribute to this result, they are as likely to do it indirectly, through the medium of more persuasive presentations, as directly, by their own force. If no wide interest shall attach to the work already done, then these further and more individual experiences would make their way with difficulty and impropriety.

They may, in that case, as well be added to those dreamy reminiscences and speculative visions which furnish the familiar occupants of the spiritual and secluded household of a single man. It is enough to have lived by means of them, though the record of life, like the impressions of most lives, be left under the lock and key of actual events, and miss that reflection in words we so often prize more highly than the thing itself. If, however, any principle of philosophy, any law of action, shall have gained clear impulse by my efforts, then these acquisitions of experience, these lessons in the school of life, dropping their purely personal significance, may enter on a somewhat wider service than that which they have already accomplished. Such a sketch may aid those interested in it in a more deft and pleasurable handling of their own powers, and, like a working plan in architecture, yield all the more to the mind because they yield so little to the eye.

J. B.

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INTRODUCTION

POPULAR interest in biography arises chiefly from the fascination of stirring events. This is the pleasure of the senses, the pleasure of boys, the pleasure of men still in possession of their boyish estate of lively sensibilities. No biographies are worth writing on this basis whose heroes have not considerably overpassed the familiar bounds of action, either in the variety or intensity or importance of the events narrated. A more thoughtful interest attaches to biography as a personal experience, a spiritual picture, a rendering of a nobler phase of life in its intellectually significant features. The reflective satisfaction which man takes in man, his delight in any enlargement of the area of human activity as a part of his own possessions, are appealed to, when he is made partaker in new and vigorous experiences. Here, however, the interesting biography must be the record of one of unusual force and freshness of life. It must give, in some direction, a positive expansion to our intellectual outlook.

There is, I think, another set of lessons worth bestowing, though without the fascination of thrilling events, or without the light of rare powers. They are those of a life ordinary in its outward form, but thoughtfully built up in its inner substance. The things learned by me in living are of this order. They derive this value from the analytical character of my life, and must appeal for sympathy to those who are exercising a like close scrutiny of the spiritual terms of being.

My life has been unusually rational. This assertion does not imply that it has escaped errors and failures and faults; it means that the habit has been cultivated with great constancy of raising the intellectual and social questions incident to the progress of events, and giving them as definite and just an answer as possible. A doubt in belief or a difficulty in conduct has always been a very nettlesome term in my inner life, till the ground of that doubt, or the measure of that difficulty, had been clearly disclosed. My mind, of native tendency and confirmed purpose, has been an untiring critic of its own processes, and the processes of the spiritual world about it. Unless criticism extends to the very circumference of our experience, it cannot long retain its insight at the center. This is the reason why I think it may be

worth while to make a presentation of the things learned in living. They have been thoughtfully acquired, and may, therefore, quicken thought in others.

That this assertion of rationality may be as significant as it ought to be, the scope of reason itself must be apprehended. It stands for the collective action of all the powers of knowing, that wide gathering of facts and search into their relations which become unto us wisdom. The wealth of wisdom cannot be won otherwise than by the combined action of our thoughtful, emotional, and executive powers. This is especially true in the region of social and spiritual inquiry. As the facts of the physical world disclose themselves in color and sound, in a panorama rich to the eye, and a rehearsal seductive to the ear, so the truths of spiritual life uncover themselves in a great diversity of feelings, and can only be arrived at by one whose emotions respond quickly, by one whose insight is immediate, and whose soul is mobile under the spiritual movement of the word. One misses the truth as frequently by lacking the sensibilities which reflect the facts which contain it, as by wanting the wit to analyze those facts.

Results in knowledge must depend, therefore, very much on character and conduct. Action, and

action only, carries us fully to the moral centers of life, the marts at which living experiences are interchanged. Action alone makes us deeply interested partakers in the traffic of ideas that are to be put to the instant test of use in our daily undertakings. A life, therefore, that is struggling to be rational, is also striving to extend itself to the full limits of its capacity, as an essential condition of that immediate and vivid rendering of truth which is alone wisdom. However much there may be of reflection in reason, there is equally much of action in it; especially in its higher, more spiritual, range. The mirror we hold up to the spiritual world wherein we discover and trace the least suggestion of change, is that of the emotions, and the emotions, like a lake that lies between a river, on the one hand, and its fountains, on the other, is kept pure by the inflow of thought and the outflow of action. A purified heart is the great organ of correct opinion in the spiritual world.

Reason is equally opposed to dogma and to mysticism. Dogmatism is insisting on final statements of a truth, which escapes exact measurement; mysticism is the loss of truth, save as emotional impression, in the obscurity which surrounds it. The dogmatic statement has no photosphere, the mystic statement loses its very center in a diffused,

luminous vapor. Reason is impatient alike of absolute definition and no definition, of dogmatism and mysticism, as giving the one too much, and the other too little, for growth; as impoverishing the mind either by taking from it its proper work of enlarging inquiry, or making that work futile by impalpable results. Reason loves to tent itself in the fruitful fields of thought, waiting on all the progress of the spiritual seasons for a growing revelation of the productive powers in the world of ideas. And these fruitful fields are those of things, events, actions.

While all men have access to reason, and are more or less ruled by it, few commit themselves to it with childlike trustfulness and manly strength. The tractable temper has been enforced upon them especially by religionists, but it has been forgotten that the reasonable temper lies deeper than the teachable one; and that instruction which is not addressed to an earnest spirit of inquiry can do very little to awaken the mind, strengthen the spirit, and give inner terms of manhood. One must, indeed, be taught, but his instruction consists far more in the quiet digestion of the truth than in its docile reception. To unite perfectly the inner force of truth to its outer form is the highest attainment in living as a fine art. The

mistake which man is constantly making in pursuing this art—an error which vexes all art—is a cold inculcation of rules; a showy, spectacular procession of actions which contain within themselves but little of the ripeness of wisdom and love.

It is neither kindly nor correct to bring a railing accusation against men. The collective growth of society is such, from the nature of the case, as to obscure, to confuse, and for long periods to interrupt, the action of reason. The mind of man is only in the process of clarification, and where action is the most rapid the waters are most turbid.

Society, well ordered and perfect, will be luminous through and through. It will receive and transmit wisdom in its habitual pulsations of thought, as a transparent body passes on the light. The complete lens is homogeneous, both in the interfusion of material and in its congelation. It is able to receive and to redirect the light with no disturbance of it within itself. Society is the proper medium of reason, with its pure vision and its infinite play of colors; but society is the most composite possible product of physical and of spiritual things, of error and truth, of unfit and fit feelings, perverted and corrected impulses. Light, the light of reason, though always at work on the cloudy and opaque mass, does not penetrate it

deeply, or rearrange it rapidly in obedience to its own divine energies.

The interlacing of the organic with the spiritual, the unconscious with the conscious, of actions with ideas, while it defines and holds firm this movement, greatly delays it, and, for the moment, obscures it. Reason is always laying down a deposit of new adaptations in the bodies of men, in their economic and social relations, and in those spontaneous feelings which supply the ordinary, automatic working forces of life. Some are willing to look to the "social tissue" as the seat of the moral energies of society. It is rather that on which the moral force expends itself, that with which it is on terms of constant contention as still the realm of unreason among men, the opaque material whose opacity is to be driven from it by the growing heat and light of truth. It is just in this region of contention, the region of the false and the true, the partial and the complete, of commingled darkness and light, that the moral impulse is fulfilled, and moral victories achieved. Penetration, devotion, skill are all occupied in carrying construction into every portion of the social realm; a law of life into the material of life.

The real power of religion lies just here. It should give us ideas clear enough, vigorous enough,

broad enough, to pierce with electric energy this region of chaotic and creative strife, both for ends of revelation and reformation, both for disclosing what is and what, in the infinite reach of the divine mind, ought to be. Religious ideas are the true solvents of social questions, simply because these ideas penetrate to the deepest foundations of moral order in the universe, are the inner light of laws as they work their way luminously through all the spiritual material with which we have to deal.

Reason is put to comparatively little strain except in this social, religious field, where it encounters all the warping powers of the past, the blind inertia and blind momentum of the present, full of tremendous energies only partially subjected to itself. What a man learns in society is what he learns in the spiritual world. When a man brings conviction to the fiery ordeal of experience, he will find his mind productive in thought, his heart fruitful of feeling, and his head full of work. Here theory and fact, force and form, divine impulse and human inertia, are at play in that wonderful workshop in which the reason of man, the reason of God, master the material world, and make of it the Kingdom of Heaven.

Here is an empiricism we can never dispense with. It is not an empiricism which allows the

meaning of things to drop out of them, the kernel to escape us and leave nothing but the shell, but one that, reversing this tendency, struggles to find the divine idea in the events, to unite them in new and higher harmonies, and to carry perfectly forward the creative energy. This is the high, unfailing act of holiness. Whatever I have learned in life, has been along this line; and though the flashes of light may be inconsiderable, the darkness yet lies so heavily upon us as to leave them not altogether inconspicuous. For this reason and no other should I venture to speak of the things learned by living. A life that in any good degree rests on a rational basis, has an interest, not because of unusual events or unusual powers, but because of usual events and usual powers; because it touches closely the very problem which falls to every one of us to work out, the ministration of the world to us and our ministration to it—that evolution within us and without us by which the sun of righteousness takes position in the center of our spiritual system.

Things Learned by Living

CHAPTER I

EVENTS

THE events out of which my experiences have grown have been very simple, and will justify but the briefest mention. I was born in Genoa, Cayuga County, New York, May 1, 1827. Our house was on the old stage route between Ithaca and Auburn by the way of Lansingville. It was the last place in the town and county as they joined Tompkins County and the town of Lansing, lying to the south. A small frame house of three rooms and an attic, with twenty acres attached, constituted a homestead that had little to gratify taste or to reward labor. A scanty subsistence was the most it promised, or that we were able to secure. That portion of the State, though not uninteresting, makes no very strong appeal to the imagination of a child. A series of long and narrow lakes alter-

nate with broad ridges of a gently swelling outline. The lakes are soon lost to the view, as one recedes from them, and the landscape takes on the monotony of a comparatively level country. There is very little waste land left to the loving touch of nature; and careless husbandry had, in my youth, everywhere despoiled the view of its first freshness without bringing to it the beauty of adequate tillage. There are forlorn periods in the history of a new country in which nature has been lost and art certainly has not been found. The first contact of the world with men seems to bring only injury and offence.

By far the most striking features of the region are its narrow ravines, which are often cut to a great depth by the descent of the streams to the lakes. Their close recesses, hidden by the foliage of the banks, have a voice and presence of their own in delightful cascades. The shores of the upper Cayuga and Seneca rise rapidly, and the creeks, in reaching the level of the lakes, frequently fall into the shadow of abrupt banks two, three, or four hundred feet high. These spots of real beauty and unexpected romance, were at too great a distance from the home of my childhood to be visited by me. The only view that our house, five miles from the lake, possessed, was that of the

sloping fields that descend to Salmon Creek, not bending abruptly until they nearly reach it. This creek has been a factor of considerable force, in the formation of the country and the slope of land for many miles is governed by it. Our home was on the western descent, a mile from the creek, and commanded an extensive view of the eastern decline.

Though I have always been very susceptible to every appeal of nature, I can hardly say, from any testimony of memory, that this broad presentation of checkered field and forest made any distinct impression on me. I only recollect that the final rapid descent to the creek and its deep valley were a region of mystery and awe, the *Ultima Thule* of my narrow world. The immense magnitude of things to the mind of the child is the most significant fact in that period of life, and one most readily and unfortunately forgotten by men and women in their treatment of children. These first experiences are made up of strong impressions and vivid feelings, very inadequately measured or corrected by thought. They occupy the entire mind with overshadowing power, and they can only be lifted into joy, or ordered in tranquil pleasure, by virtue of that still greater potency which belongs to the living presence of older persons. The child as

much needs shelter from its own conceptions under the quiet correction of the parent, as he does from physical dangers by the parent's strong hand. The feelings of childhood are like clouds and mists under wind; all the possibilities of speedy change belong to them. They may be massed at once in overwhelming force, or may be scattered into thin air by invisible causes.

The early years of my life are not marked in their traces on memory by any coherent record of events. Simple pictures, here and there, stamped with strange indelibility on the imagination for no known reason, give the waymarks of the journey. These isolated scraps of history, with no significance in themselves, remain like traces of fern leaves on the rock, a suggestive though accidental record of the years gone by. The susceptibility of childhood gives a clear-cut impression, and some favoring chance repeats it, until it comes to be our last and cherished hold on the things which are otherwise lost.

The nine years that I spent at this first staging point have left only stray, loose leaves, which give no history. I recall the winning smile of one woman—let me preserve her name, Henrietta Crocker—my teacher in the district school, and equally distinctly I remember standing by the

hearth of the clumsy, old-fashioned stove while another teacher—whose name I let perish—stiffened and toughened his supple whips in the hot embers, and so got a position from which he proposed to struggle with, to herd, and to drive upward the teeming moral impulses in the boy world to which I belonged. His well meant labors were imperceptible.

My father was the son of Rev. Aaron Bascom, a minister quite of the old Puritanic type, and the center of social and religious life for many years in the town of Chester, Massachusetts. The elms he planted still flourish in front of the old parsonage, though change and decay have passed rapidly upon all the families and social conditions with which he was familiar. Population, flowing valleyward and westward from these mountain towns, has left them melancholy shadows of their former selves. Nature is taking them back to her grand hospitable arms. Two Samuel Bascoms of Warren and three Thomas Bascoms of Northampton, bear the race back to 1634, when the older Thomas came over from England, settling first in Dorchester, and later in Northampton. The professional predilection of the family has been the ministry; and a staunch Congregational faith has belonged to most of its members.

My father and two of his brothers were educated at Williams College. Graduating at Andover Seminary, my father became a home missionary, first in Pennsylvania, and afterward, during a series of years, at Lansingville. The old church in which he preached, with its high pulpit and lofty galleries, was to me a very solemn and impressive monument of ecclesiastical art, its austere presence strengthened by that imperiousness of duty which so often overbore the comfort of my childhood, as, hidden behind the backs of the tall pews, I sat swinging my short legs in the air. This religious society, which became large and strong, has been utterly scattered again between new centers of population. The church itself has long since disappeared, and pastor and parishioners sleep in the churchyard in the rear of the old site, silent sentinels of the silent years that have given way so serenely to new times, both better and worse than they.

My father died in 1828, at the early age of 43 years. There is no trace of him, even the feeblest, in my memory. He seems to have been a man of moderate ability, with much warmth of feeling and signal devotion to his work. Persons who listened to his preaching spoke tenderly of him after he had been dead many years. He was more than once compelled to spend the

winter at the south. On one of these trips he rebuked a landlord, with whom he was stopping, for profanity. He did it so gently that no offense was given. The landlord the next morning took him to the stable, showed him a colt of great promise, and said that he should name it, in recognition of the timely reproof, John Bascom. It became, with so gracious a start, a famous horse, and won many a hard heat in the frequent contests between the north and the south.

My mother was a Woodbridge, the daughter of Major Theodore Woodbridge, who served during the entire war of the Revolution. The Rev. John Woodbridge was a clergyman at Stanton, Wiltshire, England. His son, also the Rev. John Woodbridge, came to America in 1635, and founded the family in this country. He settled in Newbury, Massachusetts. Cotton Mather bears testimony to the father that he was "so able and faithful as to obtain high esteem among those that at all knew the invaluable worth of such a minister." Thirty-eight of his descendants in this country followed the same profession, and some of them have attained unusual success in it. The Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, the son of the second John Woodbridge, settled in Hartford, Connecticut. He was one of the ten "prominent ministers named

as trustees by the General Assembly of Connecticut to found Yale College." Rev. Ashbel Woodbridge, son of Timothy Woodbridge and father of Major Theodore Woodbridge, established himself in Glastonbury, Connecticut. Theodore Woodbridge, after the close of the Revolutionary War, removed to northern Pennsylvania, at that time a wild region, enclosed in the savagery of unbroken forests.

My mother was called by her marriage to meet a life of deprivation and hardship. A salary of four hundred dollars, paid irregularly and slowly, gave narrow footing to a growing household, pressed in its resources by the ill health of my father. At his death, this income disappearing, it became an urgent and constant question how four children, ranging from one to twelve, could be fed, clothed, and educated. For a time the work was done somewhat scantily. Some years after the death of my father, my mother received two or three thousand dollars by inheritance, and this long remained the only visible kernel of our fortune.

My mother was a devout woman, with a rigid, conventional creed. She fed her own spiritual life daily on Scott's *Commentaries*. The orthodox commentator magnifies the inspiration of the Bible, and easily remains himself destitute of in-

spiration. A supersensuous faith often leaves the mind, in its contact with daily events, to take things much as others take them. The stream that breaks from the canyon spreads at once, in superficial channels, over the gravelly plain. There are thus sudden shiftings, not to say incongruities of character, as the mind passes from the heavy shadow of religious truth into very commonplace and shallow social experiences. It requires very unusual intellectual and spiritual vigor to move backward and forward across this dividing line with no loss of fitness. I was impressed with this fact from my boyhood, and experienced much difficulty in understanding the jar of the transition. The two phases of life stood apart from each other, the one in its strained and awful quality, the other in its homely and uninspired details. I think my mother passed and repassed the boundary with no sense of incongruity, but she was never able to lead us children so easily over it. But a perverse theory had a solution of this fact in the depravity of the natural heart, and the two kinds of hearts remained an enigma with us, in whose solution we made but little progress.

My mother had much tenderness in her nature. She coveted, and well deserved more affection than she was able to win, The paths of affection,

especially for sensitive children, must be made flowery and fragrant. They are easily startled by those in the pursuit of their love, and do not readily put in place of their own dreamy and extreme impressions a correct valuation of the plain facts about them. It is with the spiritual shadows of these facts that they deal more than with the facts themselves; and these shadows shrink and lengthen in an astonishing way, and in a way quite hidden from those older persons who have ceased to observe the play of light in morning hours—those hours of facile change. Love is the fine art of the soul, a thing, therefore, not of substance only but of form also. It is a pity that this fine art should lose delicacy of manipulation by virtue of the coarse texture of faith; as the hand is crippled in its cunning by a glove.

In spite of all the goodness of my mother, I never found my way into her thoughts as a spiritual resting-place; nor she, into mine as a fresh nook in a world growing old. This loss of spiritual sonship is a profound regret, and one renewed in almost every generation. "Suffer little children to come unto me" is a command which few parents apprehend; still fewer are able to so open the enclosure of authority as to give a winning invitation to the quiet and seclusion within. Each spirit,

and the more as it is sensitive and timid, in spite of all the laws of descent, seems to be born into a spiritual solitude, and one that can be broken only by the most quiet and sympathetic approaches. Unlikeness in this inner realm is even more repellent than violence in the physical world. Parentage of the spirit is rare; perhaps it should be so, that the separation of spirits may be sufficient to give independent conditions of personal life. Parents float away from the sensuous, imaginative region of childhood, into that of facts, facts to be considered narrowly and reasons to be rendered cautiously, and so they lose contact and mastery in the magical domain of dreams.

The steam and smoke, which burst from the funnel of a steam engine, interpenetrate each other, are full of the same elastic forces, and circle upward in chaplets instinct with motion. Quickly the white steam is absorbed, and only a few dark traces of smoke remain. The more subtle element is lost, leaving its companion to linger on in dull decadence. In life, the smoke of combustion, the feelings of self-interest, usurp the field, losing sympathy with the volatile sentiments of childhood. Children are ours that, renewing life in each generation, we may escape this barrenness; we are theirs that we may sober these fancies without

abating them, and may assign these energies a service before they are lost in air.

Trace as we may the spiritual descent of the world from parent to child, we have occasion to be equally impressed with the direct way in which the world deals with every fresh soul. The manner in which it shuts it in from those about it, and the new things it plants and nourishes in these retreats which no man enters save by the most free and cordial admission. What wishes of men or ways of the world are there from which the child cannot hide himself, lengthening immeasurably the paths of approach, by his own personal quality. Repulsions of a subtle and invincible order play a part quite as important as attractions in the close contact of early life.

In our search after a wise treatment of childhood, we are not to overlook the pushing impulses which this training involves. The adult brings his adult qualities to the child, and they subserve this purpose, that the child is constantly carried beyond himself. He does not loiter in the way, identifying life with the sportive indulgences of the period to which he belongs. The future, personified in the father, takes him by the hand and half leads, half drags him onward. Just now, by our more sympathetic methods, we are holding in

check this propulsion, willing that childhood should pursue pleasant things, and should linger among them with something of childhood's indifference to progress. But the growing process is always a pushing one, always a consumption of the present in behalf of the future. A sense of gentle, yet constraining power is a supreme one. The momentum of life must pervade us, the flow of life inspire us. The perfection of the movement lies in the very fact that each stage in it is a ready transition to a higher one. Nature provides for this partial displacement of immediate interests by remote future ones in uniting the child closely to the parent, and in carrying it along on the strong current of the urgent incentives, perchance the bitter necessities, which make up the stream of later events.

The household is not to be constituted for the child, any more than in disregard of the child. It is to be that vigorous, composite thing whose dominant interests, wisely chosen, are shaped by all, are shaped to all, and are pursued by all. Interests thus made stern and commanding, while they concede many indulgences, claim also many concessions. The household, in its manifold relations, its large receiving and giving in society, offers a much more thorough and far wiser training than do

the simple devices of affection, bending themselves only too quickly to the imaginary and to the real wants of childhood. The most pliant vine calls for corresponding rigidity in that which supports it. Childhood is not the entire law even to childhood, much less to the successive generations which unite to make the household. Simplification, tenderness, concession in the face of interests intrinsically obscure, exacting, and difficult, have their evils as certainly as do their opposites. Object-lessons; an easy hopping from thing to thing in the concrete, instead of a strong spreading of wings in the abstract; a reduction of duties by the soft concessions of love; a carrying of the loads of life on the shoulders of parents and teachers, as if our pilgrimage were made up of two parts utterly unlike, one in which we are served and one in which we are servants; these methods are not suffering little children to come unto us, but are obediently coming unto them.

These considerations give us a hasty and partial —and only a partial—vindication of the Puritanic discipline of the household familiar to my childhood. Instruction was no flitting from picture to picture, like the flight of a butterfly from flower to flower, until the child leaves off these agreeable simplifications with the sluggishness of one who has

sauntered in the warm sunshine. Books were few, dry, and devout; and when the imagination found unexpected entrance into any one of them, as into *Pilgrim's Progress*, the child returned to it again and again, as to a mystic forest whose recesses were never fully explored, and whose blossoms were never all plucked. The *Shorter Catechism* opened with the kindly concession of a few pictures and a few rhymes, but neither were forgetful of their solemn mission.

> "Xerxes the Great did die,
> And so must you and I."

The ease with which childhood shirks an undue burden of rebuke, or admonition, or instruction, is a part of its elasticity of growth. Xerxes' fate was interesting, but too far off to cast any distinct shadow on the path of a boy full of life. It might deepen one already there, it could not create one. Death is to fresh, ardent life what God has made it to be, no more than is the unseen boundary of darkness to daylight. In *Pilgrim's Progress*, the fight of Christian and Apollyon was to me the kernel of the story, while the religious enforcements were the prickly burrs, not to be too much handled, if one understood the case.

If the eager election of childhood leaves much

good behind it, it also leaves much evil. The adventures of war, and even those of piracy and crime on which I stumbled, stood with me simply for achievement, in a much more innocent and harmless way than would have been thought possible. Even the serpent may sometimes delay to sting the playful child.

Often at the close of a summer Sabbath I sat on the ground, while my mother milked, and learned from her lips the catechism, till I could find my way along its rugged path of words, deep, solemn, impenetrable. I cannot feel that that work was vain, though my understanding has returned in late years to this road of doctrine only to reduce it to quite another gradient. I hardly know how the same amount of inexhaustible impression could have been secured more quickly and more efficiently. Those ideas which, at best, only glimmer before the mind and are constantly losing themselves in mist and darkness, play the same part in the spiritual imagination as do bold, rugged, inaccessible mountains in the landscape. The world is wholly different because of them. Its magnitude and mystery are indefinitely increased. The vague, changeable sense of cogency, which plays so important a part in the mental history of a sensitive child, owes much to them. Those

mountain heights of truth, expressions of the divine being and barriers of the divine law, to which the hand of the parent was so constantly and so reverently pointing; those depths of darkness in the human heart, to which fearful reference was so frequently made, gave the spiritual world dimensions not otherwise attainable. The difficulty with these doctrines is less in childhood, when they abide so largely in the clouds and reveal themselves only now and then in flashes of light and peals of thunder, than in later years, when commonplace overtakes them and they become mysteries, nominally held but neither felt nor understood. They are, then, in the field of thought, barren, rocky spots to which the tillage of life does not extend. Truth that is to be continuously constructive in one's experience, must open itself more and more before the eye. The knowledge which is still enclosed in mystery must make itself increasingly felt by a vigorous effort to penetrate it. I should hardly wish to have moved, as a child, among less imperious ideas, or conceptions less full of impressional powers. The vital element in these religious beliefs is the faith of the parent. This gives to the child the sense of reality and of direction, which is the first requisite of spiritual growth. Increasing intelligibility

is a later demand in sustaining the movement thus initiated.

What childhood needs is to be nourished by a life larger and deeper than its own, that it may not dwindle away. Puritanism owed its powerful nature to the awe, reverence, profound feeling that inspired it. A superficial soil cannot feed sturdy plants. We are most like little children, nearest to them and nearest to the Kingdom of Heaven, when most impressed with the immeasurable mystery of the world about us. This feeling should be the center of household life as it is of all rational life; and the more so as the household brings so many homely duties, so many well-beaten paths, which can alone be made interesting by leading outward into a larger world and by returning inward into a clear spiritual presence. So light and darkness struggle together, and chaos in our thoughts passes into creation. Diverse periods and phases of development are united in the true household under the ruling idea of spiritual life, as master and disciple work together in the studio under the dominant desire for the beautiful.

Four things concurred in my childhood which are each thought to involve some special danger. I was the son of a minister, the youngest child, the only son, and the son of a widow. The last

three relations owe whatever hazard there is in them to indulgence. The unavoidable hardships of my early life and the firm will of my mother brushed these risks readily aside. The danger which belongs to the first fact seems to be due chiefly to the unusual cogency of motive which falls to the household of a minister. The mind of youth, seeking freedom and seeking it in the degree of its activity, feels any severe restraint put upon it resentfully, and if this feeling is strong enough to call out a determined reaction, character loses inward poise and may easily become wayward and vicious. The spirit instinctively claims liberty, as the only just condition under which it can entertain the demands of duty. Living things must be cultivated according to the laws of their own lives. Conditions of growth must be conditions that invite healthy activity, and do not press the powers beyond their own pace. Urgent motives, rigorous restraints, prevent the mind and heart from properly apprehending and freely obeying the incentives nearest them, and so induce a stolid or a passionate mood. The soul is driven, like a ship under stress of weather, from its own course, and spends its energy in beating against the wind.

It thus frequently happens that the pressure, which a devout parent brings to bear upon a son,

tends to results exactly opposite to those sought for. The independent impulses, which are the substance of manhood, which germinate early, if not prematurely, in boyhood, are enlisted on the wrong side, and in this first conflict for the conditions of a personal life, the very law of that life is lost sight of, and even trampled under foot. The influence of my mother over me for good was always somewhat weakened by the sense of authority, and by the stern, unyielding assertion, not only beyond contradiction but beyond inquiry, which attended on each tenet of faith. When there is no alternative present, when acceptance and obedience are all that are offered the mind, it readily entertains an inescapable reluctance to this surrender at discretion. Inquiry, deliberation, are its normal functions, and the exercise of them softens the way to spiritual life. The truth one has discerned for himself, one finds more easy to obey. When the initiatory steps of mental activity are swept away, the child has no relish, no awakened appetite for later ones. The tender life, never more tender, is burned out of the child by the too clear light and unshaded heat of the parental mind, precisely as young plants perish, or are "drawn" into unseemly growth, in a hotbed when the sunlight is not tempered to their wants.

In my own case, two unfortunate results followed. A natural disposition to reticence on all personal religious topics was deepened. Later, also, when I began to find my own lines of action, I was disposed to push to one side the profession of the ministry, which parental wishes and family affiliations had only too plainly indicated to me as my proper pursuit. A desire to choose, stood in the way of choosing the right thing.

An easy solution of a restive will in a boy is natural depravity. I believe it to be rather an early, eager, divine assertion of the rights, duties, and pleasures of manly choice. The strength of this assertion often measures the incipient powers of the soul. It is the reconciliation of this sense of freedom with that of law, a reconciliation nowhere of more urgency than in connection with personal, spiritual life, which constitutes the true secret of all skillful training. Law must partake in the mind of the child of the nature of universal and eternal truth. It cannot, therefore, find constant and exclusive presentation in the changeable will of the parent, a will ever running, with only partial correctness, before the child in all the departments of thought and action. That will itself needs to justify itself by resting, and seeming to rest on a far more profound and immovable basis. While,

therefore, parental will may and must stand out boldly, in some of its more instant applications, it should, for that very reason, withhold itself from the deeper claims of righteousness. Parental authority, like the foot-hills of a mountain range, should push only here and there into the foreground, and forever rest back on immense, unexplored, awe-inspiring heights. The mystery of this more remote, moral region, which the sensitive child can from the outset be made to apprehend, will do far more in inspiring awe, in compelling the mind to feel that exploration and enlargement are the secrets of life, than any system whatsoever of well-defined doctrines.

In my college work, I have been in constant and close contact with young men, for ends of control and guidance, at the very time when their vigorous spirits, full of bursting buds, were looking about them for the proper field of their powers. As a young man, I was a somewhat earnest advocate of stringent discipline. High fences, close at hand, seemed good for the garden. I was less aware of their cold shadows, I was wont to fret under the uncertain and hesitating movement of Dr. Hopkins. Later, as president, I found young men in my own faculty full of this same disposition, when it was passing away in me. I was tempted to ask my-

self if this question of discipline was simply one of age? Do rigidity and severity mean merely the domineering disposition of youth, asserting itself against the same tendency in those only a little younger than themselves? Do leniency and patience stand for nothing but the more sluggish blood of increasing age? These physical changes tell a portion of the story; they do not tell the whole story. Age, reached along a path of thoughful activity, makes us wiser in our spiritual method. We see more comprehensively the very narrow limitations which accompany all physical force, and all restraint which smacks of it. We recognize the necessity of holding ourselves somewhat aloof from those we would influence. Our advice should not be minute, our counsel should not be absolute, our good-will should not be teasing. We learn to give plenty of liberty, and not to apply restraints until the convictions of those subject to them are with us; until they are moral germs planted in a moral soil. The barriers we set up are not many, nor close at hand, nor of obscure propriety. There is left within them large areas for individual discretion. Truth is offered as something which invites consideration. The young man is not compelled to choose between his own and another man's activity, but is made to feel that he finds no true

use of his liberty save in an inquiry which wisely directs his own steps.

This method, it is true, calls for great composure of thought and restfulness of mood on the part of those who employ it, but a composure and restfulness at a far remove from indifference or from the languor of old age. I feel sure that this discipline, if it can have time enough, can be applied quietly enough, with no sudden flings of passion, is certain to succeed. There may be some lamentable failures, equally will there be under the adverse method, but all successes will be most complete and admirable. Such nurture, rightly apprehended, is nothing more than giving silent, differential heed to the will of God, as expressed in the lives and lines of action he is sustaining.

This question of nurture is, in the household, in the school, in the state, and in the ultimate fitness of the world to our wants a supreme one. The reports of the reformatory discipline at Elmira, where the most refractory material was subjected to moral forces, are exceedingly instructive. Much the larger percentage of the prisoners who were benefited by it began at once to respond to the steady application of mild motives to improvement. Growth is regular and by slow, continuous stages. Those, on the other hand, who are not

helped, are wayward in their impulses, lapsing suddenly from good attainment into an utter disregard of order. The mind's acquiescence in law is won in the presence of the law itself, and by its gentle, genial pressure. The man reaches self-government by easy achievements of government, suited to his strength.

Here seems to me at least the secret of the divine method in the world. The slow moving ages travel on so deliberately in the spiritual realm simply that the slight increments of spiritual life may all be made securely, be fortified within themselves, and extended through all the relations of society that are to give them adequate nourishment and permanent support. The conscious processes of growth, no more than the unconscious ones can dispense with their manifold dependencies, their attainments of infinite complexity, and can make a sudden leap into life. When religious instruction intensifies its motives, and sets the spiritual horizon ablaze with alarms, character becomes fitful, and in many ways untrustworthy. Fullness, safety, symmetry are wanting.

I have felt through my entire life this need of aloofness in personal conversation on religious topics. This feeling has, at times, brought to me a good deal of self-censure, as if it were the product

of unbelief or indifference on my part. These may be the occasion of reticence, but there is a privacy of our religious life into which no man may force himself without rudeness. Each man must stand at the door of his own house, or his own chamber, to ask his neighbor in, if the neighbor is to enter freely and enjoyably. On the platform or in the pulpit, I have felt it right to say, and have had a predominant disposition to say the bold, searching truth. The platform and the pulpit cannot otherwise accomplish their purpose. In daily intercourse, my feeling has been, what right have I, uninvited, to crowd my personal convictions, my spiritual presence, on another. In these closer relations, everything must be ordered with the deference, delicacy, and hesitancy of personal relations. When one has shut the door into one's own mind, it must remain shut till one chooses to open it again. If this be not so, why the absolute seclusion of every spirit within itself; the slowness with which it finds its way out, even when it wishes to make itself known; the unexpected jars, discomforts, and sudden revulsions it suffers in this very process of communication? The most impenetrable region, the most complete retirement, are those of individual, spiritual life. If there is any absolute reservation to himself on the part of

God, it is that of the love of the souls he draws to himself.

Even in the pulpit, when urgent truth has been pressed home, there should follow that calm and quiet which make assimilation possible. A spirit that is storm-shaken under perpetual shocks of truth must become either insensate, or subject to dangerous throes of passion. Oh, for the ways of God! whose rains so fall that they feed the violets, whose winds so blow that they strengthen the oaks.

So far as there is truth, and there is some truth, in the sentiment that secular and political discussions are misplaced in the pulpit, it arises at this very point, the feeling that one is not to be tyrannized over by the convictions of others; that words of duty must lay aside the accent of authority when they are on another man's lips; and appeal convincingly and persuasively to the persons addressed. When, therefore, aloofness is impossible because of a too ardent temper, the processes of sound thought become impracticable. The sense of absolute rightfulness, which has attended on the doctrine of inspiration, has been obstructive in a living interplay of thought between those speaking and those spoken to.

Three sisters, all older than myself, offered to

me, next to my mother, the first and dearest images of womanhood. I owe much to women. One must always owe much to them in his higher fortunes. The terms on which we stand with women must go far to settle our footing with that which is purest, most spiritual, most of the nature of divine life. There is extraordinary folly in pushing women aside in counsel, and in returning to them in affection only. Love sinks at once, under such a sentiment, from its celestial level to a distinctly terrestrial one, where its consolations are of the most limited and fluctuating order. The one weakness in Goethe is his sensuousness. He cannot hold fast at any spiritual elevation, but comes tumbling down into a lower stratum of passionate illusions and false lights.

This relation of the sexes is wrong on the ground of simple wisdom. Men preëminently lack, in dealing with themselves, in dealing with one another, the insight of large and varied affections. They expect in their own lives, from ambitious efforts of many kinds, a good these can never confer. They think themselves most completely right, when they are most thoroughly wrong. Their wisdom avails them along the way, but comes to nothing at the very end. We are deceived most frequently by the complexity of our affairs. We

have a passion for management and think ourselves prosperous until we close our labors. We are then left to the irremediable poverty of an inadequate end. Our successes betray us, and for this treachery we find no redress. We have wrought out the problem of life in symbolical characters, and only the symbols of good, not the very good itself, are left us, the fruit of our solution. The womanly mind has the free entry to life far more than the masculine mind; because by virtue of the wisdom of the affections, it lays more direct hold on substantial, spiritual possessions. The lichen seems to draw something from the very rock; at all events it finds a footing there which enables it to feed on the winds. How have some women clung to some men, and achieved a wealth of spiritual being where nothing was granted them but a most flinty point of attachment! Most men wither off-hand under such conditions.

Men are unwise in dealing with men. They expect more from force and fear, even from justice and just laws, than are in them. They lay down bounds of action judiciously; they fence in the grounds to be cultivated with a barrier high and strong; and then expect that the much more delicate processes of production will call for only secondary attention. They have not at their

command the sunshine and showers which alone bring life to living things. They expect that nurture and education, treated in a method relatively indifferent to spiritual temper, with the slightest possible trace of pure love, will, none the less, beget righteousness. Mechanical elements have an advantage with them because they themselves are so mechanical and have so searching an eye for routine.

Young men in discipline grasp quickly at punishment, as offering the most cogent motives, and the motives nearest at hand. It is an error of feeling. They are not sufficiently alive to the evil temper, the distorting passion, the disturbed vision through the entire realm of motives, the check and displacement of the affections involved in punishment, when pushed into the foreground, and made the moral atmosphere of the soul. The average male mind entertains stupid contempt for the sentiments and incentives of women. The truth is the moral world, the one preëminent world with which we have to deal, the one world in which knowledge becomes wisdom, is a world whose ultimate terms are feelings. These furnish the final forces in conduct, and in their wide and varied combination with what is, and what is not, wisdom. No man can be wise, who has not delicate, varied,

and well-disciplined sensibilities, since these are the factors with which he has to deal in all true guidance. The hard-working, tough-handed, narrow-hearted man of few and meager thoughts, who thinks, full of his self-imposed and painful drudgery, that if he should blow out his tallow dip the world would be in darkness, is really, with all his practicality, his dollar-and-dime wisdom, among the less wise of beings, with instincts peculiarly perverted and self-torturing. The womanly tenderness and refinement, which he holds so lightly, have a movement and an authority in the spiritual world which he cannot conceive. We bring a straight-edge to the things about us, and so pronounce on their adequacy; but we have allowed this standard itself, in our domestic life, to suffer the warp and distortion of time, until it is rather a record of past injuries than a correction of present fault.

Take any of the complex questions of the day; female suffrage, for instance. How wholly are our opinions the deposits of our feelings, the slow concretion of sentiments no one of which has been duly challenged. Women are granted a limited form of suffrage. There follow, perchance, a few improprieties, a little awkwardness or ill-temper or bad taste in the performance of the new duties.

How quickly comes the sweeping verdict against all such progress as vexatious and false. The barrenness of the heart thus becomes the barrenness of the head. The slow fructification of the good seed, the steady smothering of tares by the wheat, the golden harvest of remote months, are all hidden by a mere mote of feeling that is floating before the eye. The man cannot think, cannot see, cannot be wise, because he has not covered, with abundant sensibilities, with living tissue, the relations from which alone the instrument of wisdom is to be drawn. A Professor Huxley is asked what he thinks of the philanthropic schemes of a General Booth. He makes answer, he is compelled to make answer, from the emotional resources of agnosticism, an agnosticism that is altogether alien to the spiritual world as we find it and must deal with it.

Or the proud, practical mind—pride towers by narrowing in the base of thought—pronounces prohibition a factious, infatuate effort. Why? Because of the limited range of feeling, the immediate predominence of local temperature. The appetites, the economic and political interests involved are understood; but the ever returning griefs of the household, the blight and mildew of the affections, the moral ties of society forever

broken, the steady thrusting back of the Kingdom of Heaven, these are not understood, and these constitute the spiritual problem. The man has a cunning restraint in threading narrow and obscure paths, but knows not how to walk straight forward when given the highway of truth. One can know nothing well in the spiritual world without delicacy and scope of feeling, for all its terms are emotional. As light reveals objects to us by dissolving itself, as it flows over every changeable surface into an infinite variety of colors, so the affections open to us the spiritual world by an instant response to its ever variable terms. Love, the comprehensive, generic sentiment, is the light which discloses to us all emotional realities.

Men need women in counsel because, with a keener sensibility, they uncover the very things to be dealt with; because they break down those hard, determinate lines of thought, which are simply the ruts of minds heavily laden with secular affairs. We cannot give conditions of growth, institute a discipline creative of affections, without the mastery of the affections; we cannot substitute the elastic clasp of love for the iron grip of force, till love opens our eyes and unseals our hearts. Men often despise women because of their superior sensitiveness to religious truth, as if this

indicated poverty of mind as much at least as wealth of heart; as if the heart were an inferior organ among the instruments of wisdom. We weary of this dull chuckle of the greedy spirit that knows when it cheats another, but knows not when it cheats itself.

But is not the practical, practical? Have not men the mastery they seem to have? Yes, but this mastery pertains to the preliminaries of life, not to life itself. All true help is divine, and it is divine in the degree in which it awakens penetrative, peaceful, pervasive sentiment; and gives the mind the mastery of the world by giving it the mastery of itself. If we put our means into foundations so lavishly that we are not able to build upon them, then that which seemed to be wisdom suddenly becomes folly.

The practicality of persons narrowly emotional is like that of those who build railroads. They dig and load and dump and produce a variety of changes; changes not small in themselves, but very trifling when compared, either as physical or spiritual facts, with those obscure changes which steal silently over the landscape, when, by sunshine and shower, it stands in reciprocal activity with the heavens above it. I owe much to women as giving contact through a wider circumference

with the emotional, the human world. I have not been left to traffic for spiritual possessions with uncurrent coin.

My three sisters were very different in character. I have not been able to see in either of the households most familiar to me, my own and my father's household, any laws of descent at all rigid in their application. Concede the physical effects of physical inheritance,—facts of so much power and promise,—concede the force of similar circumstance and of the moral transmission of the family, and we have sufficient causes to explain agreements with little or no reference to intellectual descent. There remain very stubborn diversities of spiritual constitution not readily to be referred to ancestry. Vague suggestions of this and that dependence are easy enough, but they gain color from opinions, rather than prove them. Children will grow up under physical and moral descent, under active formative energies, and greatly modify, or steadily overcome what we should regard as an overpowering mass of impressions. There remains a secret of intellectual life, a stubborn type in the spirit itself, which our laws of inheritance envelop, but do not control.

My older sister was timid, affectionate, devout, and rigidly orthodox. The first and last of these

qualities readily affiliate. The distrustful mind clings tenaciously to the support nearest it, and finds its activity in strengthening, not in criticizing its faith. She was plain in person and negligent of the minor code of taste, which refines the art of living, but easily renders it superficial and burdensome. The religious spirit more readily sees the earlier separation between elegance and devotion than their later union in perfect character. Plain personal appearance exerts the same influence. It does not offer that immediate power over others which helps to form a habit of circumspection.

My second sister was imposing in appearance, indomitable in will, and possessed of unlimited ambitions. Conscientiousness was pressed into the background of these more imperious tendencies and asserted itself at the close of a comparatively brief life as pronounced pietism. Vigorous conflicts within the soul itself naturally lead to extreme repression. My mother united a somewhat unbending will—an unbending will often means nothing more than the stubbornness of primitive tendencies—to very humble expectations for herself and her children. The unflinching courage of my sister Mary, stood the entire family in good part. Extreme poverty, remoteness from relatives,

an obscure community with the narrowest conditions of education, were not circumstances which ordinary energy could overcome. My sister broke through them for herself and for each one of us in succession. All my sisters were earnest, home students. They made the largest use of the least opportunity The open fire cast its flickering light on the obscure page for them as it has done, with the wisest natural selection, for many another.

Mary secured admission to Troy Female Seminary, under the charge of Mrs. Emma Willard. With a very wise and considerate policy, Mrs. Willard frequently accepted pupils who paid their bills as teachers, after their work in the seminary was completed. The South, at that time, made a large demand for teachers, and this demand the seminary helped to meet. Mary was very successful, and my other sisters followed, both as pupils in the seminary and as teachers in the South. My oldest sister spent most of her life in the South, readily affiliating with its religious tension and social laxity. As a lad, I received a very exaggerated impression of the imperative quality of Southern gentlemen from the descriptions of my sisters. In the luxuriant growth of a child's fancy, hewn stone and unhewn are soon covered with leaves and the whisper of life runs along the most rugged wall.

When, having suffered the heavy losses of insufficient home instruction, I was ready to seek better opportunities abroad, the way was quite open to me. My sister Mary had become principal of the female department of the flourishing and influential Academy at Homer, and my other sisters were prepared to unite in meeting the expenses of my transfer thither.

Homer Academy was an excellent example of a school conferring a popular education, and receiving a cordial support through a wide constituency. Here under the immediate encouragement and direction of my sister, I spent two terms in preparation for college. Sister Mary was a truly providential leader to our household, and she brought us all bravely through the wilderness. Wealth and opportunity often do less for others than poverty and restriction did for us.

My third sister, Cornelia, was nearest me in years and in sympathies. She united a real enthusiasm for knowledge with boldness of thought—with a desire to extract from truth its life-giving quality. While her religious sentiments were as earnest as those of sister Harriet, they were much more free, the lines of constraint lay with her in conduct and in character, not in belief. Her intellectual enthusiasm early outran her physical

strength, and left her a confirmed invalid, whose powers of work were very closely hemmed in. Cut off from occupying positions of responsibility, she undertook the very self-denying labor of training the waifs of society. She adopted a small number of them into her household, and accepted the entire charge of them. She struggled with limited success against the stubborn evils of vicious descent, and was satisfied if not quite all the seed fell by the wayside. She managed a very narrow income with much thrift and self-denial, and gave an example of piety, known and read of very few, but very perfect and refining within itself.

When I was nine years of age, we removed—a bold step for my mother—from our home in the country, with its exceedingly restricted opportunities of every sort, to the small neighboring village of Ludlowville. Ludlowville is situated about a mile from the mouth of Salmon Creek, emptying into Cayuga Lake. The banks are abrupt, and the valley narrow. Nothing is seen of the small hamlet huddled in the hollow, till you are close upon it. Then the top of the spire of the church is the first object visible. The stream varies from a torrent in spring and summer freshets to a rivulet scarcely sufficient, in dry months, to drive the village mill. The stream makes a perpen-

dicular fall of fifty feet at the village, and in moods of energy fills the valley, like a brimming cup, with the roar of its waters. The raucous voice of the stream, the wildness of the adjacent banks take possession of ear and eye, and awaken the spirit to their own freedom. Above the fall, it pours over a bed of limestone, sculptured into many narrow channels and grotesque basins. The shale supporting this ledge has fallen away beneath and opened a wide cavern veiled, at high water, to its full breadth by the impetuous stream, a narrow rehearsal of those sublime forces, which appear in Niagara. The village, picturesque in situation, gave ample opportunity to the best sports of boyhood—swimming, skating, and coasting. On the shores of the lake and in adjoining ravines, there was mystery enough to feed the imagination, and to keep vigorous the intellectual pulse.

In this village, I spent eight years, prior to the more formal commencement of my education. A district school, with the barbarous and absurd government of those rude times, and an occasional snatch of what was, in most undemocratic phrase, termed a select school were all the instruction the place offered. The citizens of the village seemed to me a strongly marked group. That there were giants in those days is the concise rendering of the

early history of nations and persons. The standards of the boy are so wholly relative, that little things make the impression of large ones. Thus the lives of men are equalized in the only experience of any moment, that of inner impressions. Those who stand about a campfire are projected in portentous dimensions on the darkness behind them, and those who surround a child fill his horizon with a majestic or a monstrous or a mysterious presence.

One man especially, Benjamin Joy, added noble purposes to unusual gifts, and stood in the foreground of my open-eyed reverence. He was an earnest reformer in the anti-slavery agitation,—the flow of run-away slaves was then drifting by us—and indefatigable in preaching temperance. He was an effective speaker, an excellent story-teller, and with features and scalp so movable as to make his face the very seat of the droll spirit of fun. The facetious mood and the flexible expression are often the inner and outer endowment of one self-consistent temper. His general sportive play always settled back into the truly productive power of good-will. He gathered us boys into a dramatic company, and took us to neighboring villages to capture an audience for his own more strenuous speech. He was a devout

man and filled out well the divine description, going about doing good. His barn joined our garden; he used it as a devotional closet, and I frequently heard, with indescribable awe, the voice of earnest prayer. Goodness of this order has a grand presence to the impressionable feelings of childhood. Benjamin Joy should stand high among those worthies who, in an obscure region, diffuse and transmit the spiritual treasures of the race, and are a burnished link in the great chain of social life.

I remember, however, that some incongruities of character, even then, startled me. I was always tenderly disposed toward animals and never inflicted pain except in sudden anger. I was astonished at the heat with which he flung stones, and at the unconscionable size of the stones he flung at hogs to be driven from his orchard. He did not walk with the brute creation with quite the same gentleness with which he walked with men. His life had not reached in all parts its proper circumference.

The boys of a village are only half domesticated animals, and, coming among them with the inexperience of a country lad, I had a good many uncomfortable lessons to learn. I had a fear of them as of strange dogs that were sure to bark, and might very easily bite. Though possessed of inde-

pendent and uncompromising moral convictions, I have always been exceedingly shy, and have suffered deeply from every form of personal collision. This combination, trying as it is, seems to be well-nigh inevitable, and, in its wider relations most fortunate. A coarse, domineering moral temper ceases to be moral. Sensitiveness, the power of extended sympathy, is a first condition of a truly just and comprehensive spiritual experience. Yet many of the events of life must render any delicacy of fiber painful to us. The sufferings in the life of Christ were occasioned by the tender sensibilities he brought to its rude shocks.

The intercourse of rough boys has very little moral element in it, and is a most uncomfortable school for a sensitive spirit. One dislikes almost equally to shelter a child from it and to expose him to it. Exposure, accompanied with retiring and sympathetic oversight, seems to be the safer of the two methods. If one is to help childhood in its trials, he must share appreciatively the moods of childhood, its wide sense of danger, its sentiments of honor, and the great force with it of the social feelings which surround it. To pooh-pooh all these impressions alike is to drive the sensitive, secretive mind quickly back into itself, and to render aid impossible.

I suffered somewhat from the vicious vulgarity of village boys, but should have escaped all material injury, if contact had been confined to the school and playground. Noxious heat arises from too close and secluded intercourse. The wider relations of the community are more wholesome, all things considered than the narrower connections of coteries. It is easier, under the influence of a good home, to shake off vulgarity in the training of a child, than, in an experience seduously separated from that of the many, to escape from the pride and selfishness which these conditions tend to foster. Moreover, vulgarity is by no means so secret, pervasive, and consuming a sin as is personal and social pride. It is the sins congenial to our circumstances that we are especially to fear.

More sensitive than my associates, I suffered often in the rude jostle of our sports. On one occasion, and on one only, did I resist aggression with violence. This fray I justified to myself, and entered into deliberately. A passionate and overbearing playmate had abused me in the presence of other boys, and, retiring to the defense of his own yard, had thrown stones at me. This was so unprovoked a declaration of war that I felt that peace could be had only by conquering it. Finding him alone on the following day, I demanded

satisfaction. He was unrelenting in temper and not averse to a quarrel, so that the claim issued at once in a close grapple. We were about equal in strength, but here all parity ceased. He was versed in conflict and unscrupulous in method, while I was without experience and fearful, even in anger, of inflicting injury. The result was that he left the traces of his nails all over my face. When the fight was the hottest, his mother appeared on the field, and, much to my advantage, put an end to it. I had inflicted no injury and bore away on my features a conspicuous diagram of the battle, a most disagreeable tell-tale for weeks to come. As I have found many a time since, public impression is of more immediate moment than abstract justice. Justice is frequently that slow tortoise whose victories come so late, if they come at all, that the circumstances which they should have illuminated have passed away. It is difficult to feed even on the sense of rightfulness, when the feast is all one's own. How to carry home that face to a Puritanical household of women, who not only could not understand why I should quarrel, but could not even conceive why I should think it necessary to quarrel, was a very uncomfortable problem. I hung around until dark and then presented myself with such apparent shame as to

condemn a much better cause. I had not, however, duly considered one feeling which made in my favor. The motherly tenderness, which my appearance aroused, helped to call out indignation against my enemy and so to cover my fault. A balance of feelings not infrequently accomplishes what might better be secured by a balance of judgment. It is fortunate that there are so many things which in part supply the place of thoughtfulness.

At the age of seventeen, I went to Homer, which seemed to me a place of most imposing appearance and inexhaustible opportunities. The two terms I spent there were devoted unreservedly to hard study. It ought to be recorded that a room, board, fuel, lights, and washing could then be obtained, under good conditions, for $1.25 per week. Here was an easy road into the kingdom of knowledge. I was desirous to go to Yale. I was urged to go to Hamilton, and the question was compromised by sending me to Williams, the college of my father and uncles.

The four years I spent in college were years of almost unalloyed pleasure. They would be so in the retrospect, if I could add to them the feeling of having done profitable work. This deficiency I was not well aware of at the time. It lay not in myself nor in my companions, but in the very

ordinary instruction provided. I very much needed the insight and guidance of a superior teacher in language and literature, and these were missed in my college days almost utterly. All that depended for its value on the unfolding of thought, I mastered readily, but in that which turned on a quick preception of secondary relations and a lively sensibility concerning them, I should have profited greatly by the adequate lead of a cultivated mind. A negligent attention to words, and a feeble memory of them made the study of language difficult and distasteful to me, and this disinclination was not overcome, as it readily might have been, by opening up those large, subtle, and vital relations of which language and literature are so full. I was left to toil, *memoriter*, with the mere mechanism of speech, often mortified by the clumsy touch with which I handled words. I was a good scholar in college, and should have easily been a preëminent one had it not been for this natural deficiency, which my instruction had done so little to overcome. The skillful teacher should put the pupil on horseback by giving him, in every department, the best use of his best powers. With a single exception, the instructors in my college life were little more than the driven stakes to which we were tethered; they defined the cir-

cuit of our range, but did nothing to expand or to enrich it.

Yet those years were profitable as well as pleasurable. Undisturbed opportunity and sturdy companionship cannot fail of important results. My college class was a large one, with the variety of character, energy, and confidence that usually accompanies numbers. There were among them men of fine ability and men of very narrow ability, those of earnest and honorable incentives, and those of mean and personal ends. The numerical strength of the class carried it to the front in all college conflicts, and so helped to extend and to intensify the experience of its members. While the class fell apart within itself under personal preferences, it stood well together in all aggressive action. College classes that are large enough to give wide diversity of characters and experiences, and yet not so large as to break up the unity of action, which belongs to a body of young men well known to one another and affected by common interests, offer the most sympathetic and stimulating discipline. Colleges of a moderate size are not likely to furnish as great a variety of talent in instructors as larger ones, but they give terms of personal contact, of intellectual and social life superior to those given by institutions that are

redissolved, by virtue of their very dimensions, into bands and cliques, separation of pursuits and diversity of interests.

College life is delightful in the freedom it allows one to exercise, under personal tastes, in the choice of associates. Young men hold one another to very light obligations, as regard the formal duties of social intercourse. A complete suspension of social relations may exist among classmates without offence, and the feelings are left to their own spontaneous affiliations. This connection may not be a good preparation for the many just, but somewhat irksome claims that society may later lay upon one, but it is none the less full of pleasure, under the warm, attractive, and resistful impulses of young manhood. If personal intercourse is not a free concession of life to life, whatever may be true of it from the point of duty, it is not worth the maintenance as a matter of pleasure. An habitual sacrifice of oneself to society degrades society and oneself alike. Pleasure cannot be robbed of spontaneity.

College classmates are apt to feel that they know one another perfectly, and that the coming years will have no further disclosures to make. This opinion is not fully justified by the facts. Development with a few men is steady acceleration, with

others it is slow retardation. Circumstances which are sufficient to repress some, only stimulate others, and so the later stages of the race show intervals not promised at the outset. College predictions, in my own class, have neither been wholly fulfilled nor altogether belied. Some men, of a choice spirit, have hardly more than plodded along, and some men, with good fortune, have fallen into the current of the stream and unexpectedly profited by it.

A college course, by its enjoyments, its ambitions, and its attainments, isolates young men unfortunately. Large life is drawn from the great reservoirs of life. Navigation is on the ocean. On the human side, much and many impulses are left behind by going to college. There is often considerable loss and limitation at the end in restoring these wider connections. Coeducation, among other advantages, has this also; the field of knowledge, which is the highest of all, the most open of all, with the least restriction to those who can move in it, is no longer identified, in the scornful mind of the young man, with sex, or with any narrow outcome of conventional sentiment. There is a certain fascination in the separation and irresponsibility of college life, but we cannot advantageously sacrifice to it any of those kneading forces by which

the community ultimately secures wholesome character.

The year that followed my college course was spent in teaching in Hoosick Falls. It was a year of great depression. The unrestrained intercourse of college had passed by, like a delightful dream. New connections, more difficult to establish and less immediately pleasurable, were to be formed. I had dropped out of the region of enjoyments into that of duties with a fall so sudden as to be wounding. Neither had I learned how to temper my scholastic ambitions to my changed circumstances. I strove to add to my exacting school work private study, and I had not the nervous elasticity to bear the double strain. The door into the spiritual kingdom is one of wood and iron and brass, at least on the outside, and it is largely a question of physical strength whether we shall be able to swing it.

My class was graduated in '49. Having taught a year, I went to Rochester to study law. My desire to take up this profession arose from several feelings, none of them very strong or just within themselves. I was a little impatient of being sent into the ministry by a social sentiment outside of my own choices. I had a predilection for the dialectics of the law, and figured it in my

imagination as an arena in which the weapons of truth were freely employed. My religious opinions were slowly undergoing change, and this tended to obscure for me the aims of the ministry and to relax its claims.

I spent eight months in a law office. The pleasure and profit of the study were all that I anticipated, but what I saw of the practice convinced me that it involved a constant struggle with perverse tendencies not simply beyond itself but within itself, and that not many found it a school of spiritual sentiments. A few robust virtues it may easily nourish, though by no means with certainty, but the finer moral sensibilities must be won very much in spite of it. The conventionalisms of law are of an unyielding order, and very earth-born. He who forgets the services they have rendered and are rendering is much at fault; he who expects that society will ascend by means of them into a truly spiritual region is still more in error. Law is a brake on the wheels rather than steam in the engine. The moral conflicts of the law are not the best, because they are indirect, perplexed, mixed with personal interests, and often futile. My nature called me to crucifixion, but the law would have been to me crucifixion by a rabble of bad boys.

Feeling that my higher impulses were not likely to be met most directly by the law, I turned my attention, toward the close of the year, to Hebrew, and the year following entered the Middle class in the Theological Seminary at Auburn. I was drawn thither by the presence of Dr. Laurens Hickok. Seminary life is still more delightful than college life. The impulse is purer and the harmony more complete. If a taste for critical and speculative study is brought to the seminary, and freedom is found in its exercise; if incentives draw after them both mind and heart, nothing can exceed the pleasure of its explorations and the vista of hope they lay open. Grant these investigations to be less secure than the investigation of things, they are more congenial to the spirit and may well be, if ordered with thoroughness and sobriety of thought, a better measure of its powers and a better expression of its nature. The erection of the sensuous above the spiritual is no more stimulating in study than in life. If we scale precipitous peaks we need corresponding elasticity and firmness of foot, but nowhere else does the whole man so abide in strength, in enthusiasm, and in sympathy with the upward lift of all about him. If conviction is ultimately grounded in itself, as empiricism is willing to grant, nowhere does the

mind so feel the foundations of truth that lie under it as in spiritual insight.

I was invited to a tutorship in Williams College in 1852. This position I occupied for a portion of two years, returning to the seminary, this time Andover, for my third year in 1854. My tutorship was a hard, though not unsuccessful, experience. It was still the custom to badger tutors, and to make them as uncomfortable as circumstances would allow. The rewards of well-doing were neither very near nor very manifest. That, however, which was most vexatious to me was that I had been so poorly taught in languages that I could not at once give instruction satisfactory to my own mind. This difficulty was increased by the slow failure of my eyes, which began in the first year of my tutorship. I can only, therefore, cherish the unsatisfactory hope that I was able to do somewhat more for others than others had done for me. The side lights are innumerable in language and literature. Nothing but wide scholarship can save one from occasional error. The only remedy for a mistake before a college class is its frank and full correction, and this is a humiliating experience to a sensitive man. I was compelled to undergo a good deal of distasteful drudgery to escape it. It is a pity that slovenly

instruction should rob the pupil so unnecessarily of the easy and alert accuracy of genuine culture.

I was married in 1852 to Abbie Burt. This was a brief relation whose promises were unfulfilled. She died in 1854. The door of vision was hardly opened before it was closed again, and the mind was left with a few fugitive pictures of a very detached experience. In 1856, I was married to Emma Curtiss. This connection has ripened through many years into ever increasing happiness. The possibilities of good cluster at no point so thickly as about the marriage relation, yet nowhere are more wisdom, reserve, and delicacy of hand required in securing them. The nature of our spiritual life is especially disclosed in this connection, and in the connections which spring from it. Among the sad and clumsy things in human experience, none are more sad and clumsy than the perverse moods with which we, at this point, balk the grace of heaven and our own pleasure. We expect great things with no real power to receive them. This relation touches so many high things that it must come fully under the divine law of sacrifice. We must win life by yielding it. The family is a constant and living parable in which are rehearsed the dependencies of the Kingdom of God.

Trifles, discrepancies, annoyances necessarily make up a considerable portion of so large a whole as married life, and it is from an increase of these irritations that persons of sober intentions have most to apprehend. Even our own foibles are not agreeable when offered in the reverse, and the foibles of others admit of indefinite nervous aggravation. The idiosyncrasies of character, speech, and manners are so many; defects in the web of inheritance so numerous, that no two lives can run exactly parallel with each other. The secret of growing affection is found in keeping little things little, and so winning the patience to bear them. One may well labor to discover and to correct his own disagreeable traits, and, if he is much in earnest, he will soon understand how invincible those secondary habits are which lie one side of the voluntary life; but he enters on a very ungrateful and unsuccessful task who strives to fill this office of a minute monitor for others. It is much easier to bear the trifles which annoy us in a companion than it is for a companion to alter these spontaneous expressions of character. This involves such a search into the fountains of action as is very like to roil all its waters. There is no end to the irritation, which attends on correction in secondary things. True wisdom lies in the pursuit

of primary things and in controlling their incidents and accidents, so far as they are capable of control, through those leading efforts which sustain the mind by their own magnitude. I am conscious of many ungracious and unskillful ways of keeping step with others, but an easy asking and rendering of pardon makes, in all minor offences, more for union than the offense makes for separation. The last is an appeal to our nervous irritability, the first to our moral sense. The aggregate of friction in married life is often incomparably greater than anywhere else, but so also are the correctives. Exercise produces skill and ease, not coarseness, in the hand familiar with it.

The enjoyments, which spring up like flowers, along the ways of household fellowship, many of them obscured by familiarity but many of them breaking the soil with the force of a revelation, constitute a continuous sedative to irritable moods, a pervasive peace into which the mind relapses from its intense ones. We have no occasion to pluck these flowers, they wither so quickly and the path is everywhere so fruitful of them. They are like the cherubs, which crowd the sky of a Madonna. Little notice falls to any one of them they are so many. The medicinal herbs of wisdom we gather and carry with us, often with a very obscure pur-

pose, but the flowers that feed our lives in their passage we leave where they grow. The pleasures we are enjoying gain a sweet lingering echo backward by the pleasures we have already enjoyed. Our better delights catch the throb of immortality, so many strings are strung to them.

When I left Andover, I had no use of my eyes, and had not had for nearly two years. I accepted, therefore, with fear and hesitancy, an invitation to a professorship at Williams. I occupied the position of professor of rhetoric for nineteen years, including an interval of one year, most of which was spent abroad. The work connected with this position was exacting, as it included the criticism of all the writing, and most of the speaking of the college. It was partially distasteful to me, as I was not interested in oratory, nor did I particularly enjoy rhetoric. I introduced as much philosophy as possible into my instruction, and went conscientiously through the drudgery of the remainder. I introduced the study of English literature and æsthetics, both of which helped to widen the rhetoric. English literature was rarely taught, even in colleges, at that time; nor did I at first find it popular with the students. As a chronological record it failed to interest them. Not until I had gone over the ground repeatedly

was I able to make it a coherent, rational experience; or successfully to introduce the pupil to its great masters.

College instruction improved rapidly in these nineteen years in variety, in insight, and in method, but not so rapidly as it has during the intervening years. The college professor then acquired his power in his work, he now acquires it in anticipation of his work. All gains have their compensations. The specialization of educational work, with its fullness, accuracy, and observation, is often attended with narrowness of mental vision, and even with a disposition to disparage the things not known. A survey of the entire field of knowledge is worth more for manhood and the practical uses of most men than an accurate knowledge of a small portion of that field. Breadth and scope are not to be advantageously sacrificed for the details of particular departments. A college aims at general education. It does its work best when it insists on a comprehensive survey, and adds to this the opportunity for close and careful work in one or another branch of inquiry. The mind thus escapes both the vagueness of general ideas and the narrowness of special facts. It sees the process by which the theory of thought is filled out, and by which it is filled in with the

subject matter of thought. The effort I made to give intellectual expansion to my work is seen in the books I then wrote in aid of it—*Philosophy of Rhetoric, Science of Beauty, Philosophy of English Literature.*

My instruction in Williams was successful, with the possible exception of oratory. In this I received more or less aid, and was constantly hoping, though to no purpose, to escape the work altogether.

In 1874, I was invited to take the presidency of the University of Wisconsin. As I despaired of a favorable change of work at Williams, and found that my growing freedom of religious thought was making my presence less agreeable to the college, I accepted the invitation. I took to myself a daily recitation in philosophy, ethics, and kindred branches, and my instruction became, henceforth, very enjoyable to me. I was able, by means of it, to strengthen my hold on the students and greatly to enlarge my work in their behalf. The students in western institutions were, at that time, less well prepared for their college course than eastern students, but were far more uniformly interested in it. They had little of that traditional temper, which leads a college class silently to antagonize a teacher, to become cynical critics of the least

slip on his part, to repress any manifestation of enthusiasm in class work, and to accept with coldness any additional labor. The wisdom of instruction lies very much in knowing what and how much to require, but a fortunate solution of this difficult question is less likely to be reached when students constitute themselves the prescriptive guardians of old measurements and familiar tasks. Freedom and frankness are more common in the west than in the east. My experience as a teacher in the University of Wisconsin left little to be desired. We enjoyed together the free range of our topic.

The discipline of the students fell largely into my hands. There was a vulgarity in practical jokes and a stubborn discourtesy in the earlier years of my presidency, which, without amounting to ugliness, were very trying. I succeeded in slowly overcoming these evils almost wholly, and in establishing a discipline which was effective without being conspicuous. The criticism which the management of the University encountered was that there was no government. But as the candid were compelled to admit that the general bearing of the students was circumspect, the censure itself became praise. This result was reached by a continuous, but restrained appeal

to the moral sense of the students, accompanied with a concession of the liberty of action which is necessary to give that sense full play. There was no surveillance, no assumption of a mischievous disposition as the prevailing temper. Care was taken to remove all temptations to wrong doing, and any results of willful injury were quietly and immediately effaced. The *éclat* of misdeeds was made as slight as possible, and discipline proceeded with as little observation as possible. The offender and the offense were remanded to the rear; and if the evil was obdurate, the ill-disposed student was quickly dismissed. The terms of intercourse in matters of discipline were perfectly open and frank. The student was at liberty to say all that he chose in justification of his action, or in condemnation of the conditions under which he had been placed. The offense was judged on its merits, the state of mind of the offender being the most essential item in the verdict. There was no appearance of knowing more about the facts than was known, and no effort to secure any exposure of students by one another. Great importance was attached to frankness, and the severest censure visited on falsehood. While a deserved rebuke was unsparing, the mitigations of the offense personal to the offender were freely allowed. Friction

was reduced to a minimum, no threats were made, and much care was exercised not to be caught in an untenable position, nor to be found attempting the impossible. If an error was committed in management, in command or in censure, a short corner was turned at once and openly. The only infallible thing in the discipline was that the student should be sure of candid and genuine treatment; that the remedy should not aggravate the disease.

A clear and restrained idea of the purpose of college punishments is essential to their entire success. The misdeed of the student has a double bearing, as a personal fault and as interfering with the work of the institution. The last evil is the one to be explicitly brought into the foreground, and to be checked, if need be, by punishment. The student more readily sees this phase of his wrong, admits the need of a remedy, and, is compelled to allow that in its application, his personal liberty is not unwarrantably set aside. Personal training and abstract right are too remote from the necessarily feeble government of our higher educational institutions to become primary objects. The purely moral problem will be handled more successfully as an incident to a well-ordered community than when treated by itself. The entire field of

moral influence is thus preserved on its own pure and proper basis. The instructor is able to maintain terms of counsel and kindly persuasion. Punishments and preachments are kept apart. The punishment does not destroy the good temper of the preachment, nor the preachment waste itself on the passion incident to the punishment.

Next to personal influence—but next by a wide interval—the best college discipline is a guillotine government, administered in an exact, mechanical way. A few well-defined offenses, followed at once with precise consequences, put the pupil on a very intelligible, if not a very stimulating basis. The most perplexed, perplexing, and exasperating discipline is that of a college faculty, administered by deliberation. It lacks continuity, harmony, and personal insight, and reaches its goal, if it reaches it at all, by the merest good fortune.

The University of Wisconsin, in common with western institutions, is co-educational. The discipline is not much altered by this fact, nor rendered more difficult by it. It rarely happened that this feature was involved in the government of the University. It brings the need of an additional and bolder emphasis on the principles of personal liberty and of personal responsibility, but it, at the same time, surrounds and sustains them by

more obvious and urgent motives. College traditions, which are mostly on the side of mischief, mostly refractory to a growing moral sense, are less numerous in the west than in the east; and this more independent and placable state of thought is aided by co-education. I have no doubt that the progress of years will disclose a definite superiority in the social condition of the western states due to this wise policy of giving their sons and daughters the best training under moral conditions wide enough to enable them to share it in common. There is in this method a largeness of experience, a breadth of social horizon, to be gotten in no other way. In the fourteen classes I taught in Wisconsin one hundred and sixty-one women were graduated. They were fitted to exert, and are exerting a powerful and peculiarly beneficent social influence.

The University, in the years that I was connected with it, shook off its preparatory work, greatly improved the quality and increased the variety of its instruction, and fairly planted itself on a university basis. A transition to graduate work is a slow and difficult one, and can be more successfully accomplished in distinct institutions than in those the great bulk of whose work must remain with undergraduates. The appliances and methods of one form of study are so much in

advance of those of the other, that they each prosper better by exclusion than inclusion. Our educational institutions suffer from an ambition which strives to raise them above their place in the series rather than to perfect them in their own place.

The east much underestimates the west, and the west is needlessly sensitive to this disparagement. The instruction in the University of Wisconsin is not easily surpassed anywhere in some departments, and, as a whole, certainly reaches the average of good collegiate training. Science is in advance of literature and philosophy. This result is consonant with the sentiment of the community. An active, busy community affiliates with science; one of leisure with literature and art; and one of spiritual impulses with philosophy, as holding the secrets of life. I had difficulty in retaining any psychology or ethics in the more practical courses of the University. An engineer was thought sufficiently furnished for his calling without the least exact knowledge of his own mental constitution. An extended mastery of the secondary laws of physics was regarded as of more moment than the comprehension of the primary laws of mind. Such a conviction is not sound even under the most limited definition of success.

There was one direction in which the results in the University of Wisconsin were disappointing. I had supposed that extended and practical instruction in science would favor that general survey of the field and interest in it which are all that the classical and professional student may hope to attain. The result was quite the reverse. Special students gave tone to each department. The students from other departments were relatively interlopers. Frequently the professors of special subjects had neither the feeling nor the skill involved in a concise and impressive presentation of general principles. Their thoughts were preoccupied with special processes and remote inquiries. It frequently happened that the classical student went through his scientific instruction uninterested and unstimulated. He felt that he had been dealing with that which did not much concern him, and which he was not expected to master.

Scientific work carried on extendedly, side by side with other branches, tends to overshadow them by the much greater expenditure it demands, and by its captivating array of the appliances of knowledge. Students are apt to feel that the value of a department is reflected in its costliness, while the ruling authorities fall at once into

this error. It requires real genius to sustain literary, classical, and philosophical instruction at their true estimate in connection with the more sensuous appeals of science. The just equilibrium of a university—in the end so essential for science itself—is not easily maintained.

The most uncomfortable feature in state universities is likely to be their boards of direction. This is an evil that the years are sure to lessen; an evil which, while it lasts, brings more discomfort than real danger; and one which does not seriously reduce the value of these institutions. A state university is a noble effort to affiliate all classes and all sects in the highest walks of education, to compact the repellant nationalities and conflicting interests, so conspicuous in our western states, by participation in kindred labors and in the same high attainments. If these institutions were much less successful than they really are, they would still be worth the effort they involve. Indeed, the things, which make them difficult, make them necessary. In achieving unity, we may give occasion to strife, but not to such strife as arises across great gaps, fixed in our social relations. The state universities of the west are doing, and are destined to do, a most patriotic work, in bringing together the very discordant social and political

material of those states. Young men and young women, of all affiliations, trained together in the university, have a common temper and a mutual confidence, which never forsake them. Here is a stimulating contact of mind with mind, which easily extends to all the relations of life. The University of Wisconsin has done more to reduce class collisions in that state than has any other one agency.

The political cast of ruling boards is likely to pass away in the progress of years. The politician sinks as civilization rises, and public opinion becomes more sound and exacting. The personal annoyance arising from the construction of the Board, during my connection with the University of Wisconsin, was very great, but it affected me far more than it affected the University. It made my work very vexatious, and somewhat reduced its range, but it did not very materially check the growth of the institution. The irritation of these unfortunate relations falls chiefly on the President, and, in my case, it much exceeded all other forms of discomfort. An inflexible moral sense made me very reluctant to conform to methods of which I did not approve.

The Board was made up almost exclusively of those interested in politics, and who were thought,

on this score, to have some claim to the dignity of an appointment. Rarely, indeed, was any man granted the position of Regent who had any special knowledge of the methods of education, or interest in them. The result was that questions of management were settled on narrow grounds, and trifling and personal interests were in the ascendancy. Consultation on grave questions with those who have no large ruling ideas is very irksome and disappointing. Deliberation is sickled o'er with the pale cast of expediency. I rarely stood on cordial terms with the Board, and in the later years of my administration the division of sentiment was much increased by an earnest advocacy, on my part, of prohibition. A state university gives more liberty to religious, than to political, conviction. In Williams College, I came under censure on the ground of too discursive religious ideas, and in the University of Wisconsin, for enforcing political convictions. In neither case, was my instruction ever made the medium of a personal opinion.

The chairman of the Executive Committee had in his hands, during my term of service, almost the entire practical administration of affairs. This position was occupied, in the period of my presidency, by two very different men, each in his way

peculiarly difficult to work with on tenable grounds —Napoleon Bonaparte Van Slyke, and Edwin W. Keyes. The first was a banker, of a very positive and tyrannical temper, and of most minute and searching observation. He was interested in the University, but interested in it as something which he held very closely in his own hand. He brought the irritation of a collar that chafes and chokes you in every movement you make and every word you utter. Mr. Keyes was the boss Republican politician of the state. He was not without kindly social quality, and was concessive in some directions, but he brought all things finally to the test of their immediate personal and political bearings. I had no taste for the indirect methods which such contact calls for, and deeply disliked the delays and limitations it puts upon all direct adequate measures.

As the entanglements of my position decreased the value of my work, and as they became increasingly distasteful to me with declining strength, I felt it wise to resign rather than to expose myself to those accidents which might make resignation compulsory. I had proposed, in going to Wisconsin, to remain not less than ten nor more than fifteen years. I had now been President over thirteen years, and given the instruction in philosophy to fifteen classes.

When I left Williamstown, I retained my home with the expectation of returning to it. At the age of sixty I sheltered myself in the delightful retirement of Williamstown, hoping, under its peace and beauty, to pass gently into the beauty and peace of a higher and more serene life. Yet storms are the companions of all active processes and they are native to all quarters of the sky. My funds unexpectedly failed me. The college was reluctant to allow me the work that lay right under my hand. I was compelled to take up at disadvantage the battle for subsistence once more—this time physical subsistence. On the whole, with more or less fitfulness, I have attained to peace, though I could easily mark out a pathway apparently brighter than the one I have pursued. This impression is due in part to the fact that sunshine is more conspicuous when it falls on distant hills, and shadows more conspicuous when they hang above us and rest about us. I am devoutly thankful for life, so far as I myself have won this life. I will not regret any one of the sacrifices by which I have gained it.

Shortly after my return to Williamstown, the earnings and savings of a life-time—in themselves quite sufficient for my estimate of what is needful—nearly vanished. For several years I gave a few

lectures on sociology in the college and partial courses in other institutions on the same subject. This work was very irksome and unsatisfactory to me, as it involved meeting a good many different persons and gave me nowhere the time, which I have always found so necessary in making any adequate impression.

In 1891, the professorship of political science, owing to the sudden illness of Professor Perry, became vacant, and I was asked to take his place. I was very reluctant to undertake the work, as it involved a change for the third time of my primary line of study. I entered on this labor with much anxiety, but have now finished eight years successfully. It has been as productive in my own experience, as any previous period, of clearer and wider ideas. A thorough interest in social construction has given direction and vitality to my discussions. It soon became evident that I could interest the minds of the students in these stirring questions, and this fact at once restored the confidence and pleasure of imparting knowledge. I am sorry to have owed so little to the liberality of Williams College, but if I can make it owe something to me, that is still better. The years during which I have held the professorship have been as fruitful in study and in new ideas as any

years that have gone before them. I have introduced æsthetics and English literature and now sociology into the course of instruction at Williams and, to my thinking, the last addition should be the most significant of all. Sociology has not yet won in colleges the position it is bound to acquire, not so much as a new science as in furnishing the ideas and motives under which economic and civic principles are to be successfully developed.

In 1903 I encountered nervous prostration for several months, followed for as many more months by pleurisy. The attacks were severe and the recovery has been tedious. Now, in my ninth decade, I am in enjoyable health, though feeling constantly that the coin in hand is nearly all spent: I wait trustfully for a new allowance. Let God's providence remain such as it always has been and I am content.

CHAPTER II

HEALTH

THERE is no term in life which is more simply and directly good in itself, and none which is a more immediate preparation for other blessings, than health. It is difficult for any accumulation of misfortunes to overcome the buoyancy of perfect health, and no multiplication of gifts can lift altogether the depression of ill health. The most immediate exercise of reason lies in the government and nurture of the body. It is astonishing how slowly reason asserts itself at this point, how easily it is defeated in its purposes and disparaged in its authority. The mass of men, even of intelligent men, treat their bodies as if they were a kind of mysterious, supernatural, self-regulating mechanism, put at their disposal for a fixed period. In behalf of indolence, appetite, or ambition, they overlook the obvious sequences of cause and effect, and act as if the conditions of physical strength were arbitrary or indeterminate or capricious; as if circumspection were a kind of feebleness from

which a strong man may well excuse himself. This stupid disregard of hygiene is often associated with a trust in medicine still more astonishing. Remedies, whose relation to health no human being can expound, are made to take the place of the most obvious measures of self-control. The terms of wise action are hopelessly confounded. Reason beats a retreat in the government of its own most immediate household. The wisdom of the valetudinarian is slowly gained amid the crotchets of baseless opinion, the insensate concessions to appetite, and the fanciful remedies of sheer quackery. Thus partial deprivation of health often becomes its best friend, and full enjoyment its most dangerous enemy. If one wishes proof that man is only in a very limited degree rational, where he touches the secrets of his own life, he may find it in medical advertisements, which are as much an effrontery to common sense as were ever charms and love potions and an evil eye.

My experience in matters of health has had some instruction and some encouragement worth giving. On a purely appetitive basis, a somewhat stern temperance is the law of highest pleasure. The appetite is thus maintained at the maximum point of enjoyment, and neither undermines its own

pleasure nor other pleasures. I envy no man the delights he has derived from any excesses of indulgence, even the slightest. Some men doubtless receive very sensible pleasure from the use of tobacco —a habit, it seems to me, most unfortunate in its physical, social, æsthetical, and spiritual affiliations—but I wholly disbelieve that the balance, even of physical enjoyment, lies in this direction. This habit so narrows in other more just appetites, creates so many cravings, imposes so many inconveniences, offers so many offenses, brings such frequent retribution, and so obviously falls off from the higher standards of self government, that the wise man, who has not been subdued to it intellectually, as well as physically, will pronounce against the habit on the ground of wide and well-ordered pleasures. I have never regretted from any point of view any act of temperance. I have regretted from every point of view any excess of appetite. Our physical sensibilities are the very garden of reason, and its thrift, beauty, and fragrance demand the most delicate taste and tender cultivation.

I was endowed with a sound, physical constitution, but not a vigorous one. I was never able to generate as much nervous energy as my physical or my intellectual activity called for; I was constantly

threatened either with a prostration of the entire nervous system, or of some portion of it. The force and tone of consciousness are largely determined by this portion of our constitution. The world that filters in to us through an irritable medium is very different from the world that enters by a reposeful one. A tinge of color in the glass through which we are looking may make the most peaceful sky seem threatening. Without assenting to any identification of the higher life with its physical conditions, we must grant that the problems of life are much altered by the terms under which they are thus expressed. The texture of the cloud is not the light; but it intercepts the light, or glorifies it, by its own quality.

In consequence of these narrow, nervous resources, I have pursued a very sinuous path between weakness and strength. Most days I have reached, for a portion of the time, the region of hilarious life, and nearly every day have sunk into that of positive and painful depression. I have rarely lost an entire day from work; in my thirteen years at Wisconsin, I missed but one recitation. Yet I have never been able to devote an entire day to work, and have reached the limit of my endurance with most of its hours still unoccupied. I have entertained no fanciful theories

nor fallen into any extreme practices; yet each smallest period has had its own narrow possibilities according to the nervous tone, the intellectual weather prevailing in it.

These are some facts, therefore, which my delicate nervous organization has made plain to me, and confirmed by long experience. One of the most important of them, sufficiently obvious in itself, is frequently overlooked in theory, and constantly disregarded in physical training. The principle is this, nervous expenditure in mental and in physical activity are additive rather than compensatory. They are compensatory only to this degree: physical action, united with intellectual effort, promotes circulation and nutrition, and so helps to replenish the common resources of the nervous system. Diversity in the form of effort is better for health, and so for each form, than is concentrated exertion. But all exertion is expenditure, and must be treated as expenditure. A tired body is no preparation for an active brain. Nor can a weary brain be resuscitated by physical effort. Large stores of nerve energy may disguise this relation; they do not alter it.

It follows, therefore, that one must choose between highly organized brain action, and intensely developed physical powers. To attempt

to add the one to the other is to endanger both. One may cultivate both in moderation, but the double training will prevent the highest development of either. The only limit to this assertion is that there must be sufficient variety in our action to maintain nutrition. The ruling fact remains, however; intense, mental activity tends to engross nervous energy, and must be allowed to do so. Physical exertion does the same thing in a less degree, and must be granted the same indulgence. The proper resuscitation in both cases is rest.

College games that aim at a powerful physical organization, and subject that organization to great strain under the idea that the body will thus become a better instrument of the mind are a serious mistake. All unusual powers of the body or of the mind are cultivated somewhat at the expense of other powers, and help to consume the common energy. I have found the principle involved in these statements undeniably true in my own experience, and have had occasion to observe it in the experience of others. One may be a leader in boat races in college and still show, as compared with one of very ordinary physical strength, much less ability to bear protracted mental effort. If college students choose to enter

the arena for the amusement of the public, the reasons by which they justify their choice should rest on physical grounds. They deceive themselves, if they suppose the best outlay of physical energy prepares the way for kindred mental power. A transfer of strength from the physical to the mental world is not found among the ready conversions of force; and the multiplication of force by such a transformation is impossible.

The first marked failure of my nervous system to meet the demand made upon it disclosed itself in an irritability of the eyes. Before I left college spectra— *muscæ volitantes*—began to show themselves, and later they became very numerous. Though of not much moment in themselves, they were very annoying by virtue of their pertinacity, and by the apprehension they occasioned. At first I watched them constantly, but when at length I settled down to them as inconvenient, but not dangerous visitors, I forgot them almost wholly. When I returned as tutor to Williams, I found occasion for close application to my classical work, and this rapidly completed the mischief. My eyes soon became so sensitive to light that they claimed constant and careful adjustment to it in all situations. This lasted for years, till it was difficult for me to conceive that light was not usually a source

of pain. The feelings that we project outward on the world for any length of time seem to belong to it more than to us. On leaving my college work, I gave up wholly the use of my eyes for reading and writing, and was not able to resume it for seven or eight years. I then, slowly, in as many more years, regained the power of employing them a few hours each day. Of late years they have rendered me all the service that my general nervous vigor would allow me to ask of them. This period of enforced relaxation was greatly relieved by the aid of my wife in reading and writing. The womanly and divine element of devotion came out in full strength. This irritation of the eyes also put a further limit on all close and protracted thought. Any weariness of the nervous system showed itself at once at this point. Improvement was a very slow process of general recuperation under light labor and much outdoor exercise.

The ready collapse of the nervous system also showed itself as an occasional attack of neuralgia, in protracted pain at the base of the brain, in irritability of the scalp, in sharp intercostal twinges, rheumatism, and sciatica. This dismal array of visitants is mentioned simply to show how many spirits of mischief may be kept at bay by patient hygiene. With exacting ambitions it was impos-

sible for me not to find, at some early moment, the limits of strength; and having once found them, I was never able to retire from them by any considerable space or for any considerable period, but I was able, by uniform temperance, wholesome food, and much exercise, to force back defeat during a long and not unhappy life. I was a foot passenger, harassed by a half dozen wolves howling in the rear; yet they drew sullenly back when firmly confronted.

The point at which I have found it most difficult to discover and to maintain a wise equilibrium has been in the balance of physical and mental activity. Both were congenial to me. If I had been content to sacrifice intellectual work, I should have attained comparatively robust health. Study has always exhausted my nervous energy three times more rapidly than muscular effort. I have been slow to learn that outdoor air, with slight exertion, is the proper corrective of mental fatigue. I have been tempted to use at once any remainder of strength in active labor—in itself pleasant to me, and sustaining that hereditary and acquired sense of the useful, which has often ruled my feelings in the very face of my judgment. Vacations, entirely free from mental labor, may be devoted to active physical effort, but even then great care

is needed in making the transition from thought to work, and back again from work to thought. The opening of a term was often accompanied by severe attacks of nervous prostration. The fall term in college frequently brings with it more than the average number of sudden failures, due, I think, to a violent change of habit.

The productive conditions of the world are so tyrannical as to render the demand on us at once intense and narrow. It is hard labor or hard thought that is required of us. It is only by some resistance and much painstaking that we can so complement action by action as to present some appearance of harmony and well rounded robustness.

Peace is the most noble and the most difficult attainment of life. The equilibrium and composure of forces are their truest expression of strength. Time is a supreme element in all considerable changes. We are dropped in the midst of eternity, and yet we exhort ourselves and exhort one another to improve our time, as if it were the first and only thing likely to give out. The exhortation becomes rational only by virtue of an irrational indolence which it is designed to overcome. We may well be speedy in making processes of life correct in kind, but the movement itself must

chime in with the slow moving years of God. The pace of the world is exceedingly deliberate, since the breadth of the movement constitutes its true magnitude. It may not resolve itself, like a falling stream, first into drops, then into vapor. It must move quietly and productively, like a majestic river, fed of all and feeding all.

The resources of our individual lives are in the world. We must learn how to draw them thence, and to return them thither. Time must be given to the formation and correction of physical, intellectual, and spiritual habits; modes of interaction with our complex environment. Spurts of activity and snatches of rest do not suffice. Time must be conceded to the mind to come into large possession of great topics, to make familiar their bearings, and to experience their diversified emotions. Time must be granted—time that leaves a broad and lengthened trail on the face of eternity—to bring society together in a sympathetic hold on truth; in a living rendering of truth under those affections, which are woven into the complex web of life, not along its primary dependencies merely, but through all the intricacies of its perfected pattern. A serene movement is the only wholesome one physically, as it is the only sound one spiritually; a movement that gathers in, with fine reconciliation

and perfect contentment, the most manifold and varied gifts of God.

An undertone of disappointment and despair in life almost always arises from a chord that has been struck awry in our physical constitution. Happiness is the overflow of all the ways of life. Life is hilarity, exhuberant strength, the gushing up of the soul into light. The darkness of a somber day is the shadow of some cloud; the weariness of the spirit is due to some physical obstruction which has come between us and the light. We may not have observed in what obscure ways or in what moments of forgetfulness these clouds have stolen into the sky, but there they are, and the glory of the world fades from us. Life, large life, always dips its web in purple. We should remember this in making up our mental inventory of the well-being of the world. The working classes often have a serenity of physical strength, which is quite their own. The discords of transgression have not gotten, in anything like the same degree, into the simple harmonies of their lives. However captivating the music, however deep its inspiration, it all starts in a just and delicate touch of the strings of the instrument we have in hand.

CHAPTER III

RECREATIONS

VERY many put pleasure as the one comprehensive motive of action, and yet the greater portion of our pleasures arise incidentally in the pursuit of other things. A large share, perhaps the larger share of the enjoyments of life is incident to well-advised work, the work itself having some ulterior end. If labor in itself were simply burdensome, the gains of labor would but poorly compensate it. As a matter of fact, it has been more frequently found that the years of occupation are the pleasurable ones, and the years of repose the weary ones. Not only are our pleasures largely gathered along the highways of toil, amid duties enforced by stern necessity or exacted by ambitious desire, but also the additional enjoyments more directly sought for are only in one degree less dependent on labor. Recreations receive their rest from labor relaxed, and prepare us in turn for its renewal. Among the many things we miss by a too direct pursuit, the most subtle and evasive is

this very thing, pleasure; yet pleasure is said to be the all-inclusive motive of action. It offers itself rather as everywhere the incident of life, and is fully attained and firmly held according to the measure of the life it accompanies. The rhythmic pulse of well-developed life beats between day and night, wise labor and wise relaxation, wide effort to make the world better and a wide relish of it as it becomes better.

The two leading forms of recreation are the enjoyment of nature and the enjoyment of men, natural scenery and society. The last of these is doubtless more comprehensive and carries with it, in its higher forms, more spiritual nourishment, but it is more dilute with evil, and far less reposeful. Nature chimes in with a weary spirit in a much more coy and restful way than does man. It gives only as we are prepared to receive, and exacts nothing for what it gives. The healthy, sober pulse of nature is quite another thing from the fluttering pulsations of human thought. It rests one as the arms of a strong man rest and soothe the weary child.

When I went to college, I met, for the first time, with mountain scenery, and it has yielded to me the best relaxation and the most skillfully concocted cup of physical and spiritual pleasures that

I have anywhere found in life. I have never been in the presence of mountains without a kindred uplift of feeling, nor climbed to their summits without a sense of revelation that has widened the spiritual horizon as well.

The poem of the mountains has been perused with incessant refreshment. The presence of others, with rare exceptions, adds nothing to the influences that steal into the soul under the silent induction of nature, the spirit catching a kindred extension and tranquillity. Starting out for a mountain trip, the spontaneous utterance has been, "All day with thee, O God, all day with thee."

The ocean, in its magnitude and mobile strength, is perhaps the most impressive object, to the senses and the mind alike, of any terrestrial thing. But there is a certain physical affinity which determines the impression we receive from external realities, as there is a spiritual sympathy which settles for us the connections of thought. The ocean has been to me an image of desolation, restless and devouring. The seasick body becomes the seasick mind, and the hovering gulls and chafing waves and undying murmur along the ship's sides disturb and torment every restful instinct in the soul. Ceaseless and meaningless motion wears the spirit away, as does the dull mechanical drop-

ping of water the rock. The refreshing activity, on the other hand, of climbing the mountains, brings out the joyous, conquering impulses, and places life in sympathetic play with life, as it clothes the broad slopes, gathers under the shelter of rocks, or creeps lovingly over them. The reciprocities of the mind with the world about us are like the cooings of a child in its cradle, a thing of sensations and unvoiced affections and an overshadowing presence.

There are three types of mountains. The first and most familiar form, and one which may well make up the staple of our sensuous pleasures, is that found at Williamstown—forest-clothed mountains, with few bare summits or ragged flanks. Hills hardly have the force of mountains until they penetrate the region of clouds, and unite earth and air. It is not enough that the mist, in rising, trails along them, or that the storm descends upon them, they themselves must be of the heavens and full partakers in its significant moods. One must look to them, as the laborer looks to Greylock, to see the predictions of the weather. If the day is brooding, it must brood on these summits; if it is gathering storms, there must be their rallying points; if it is sweeping together the tenuous mists of a summer's morning to dismiss them, like a

flock sent afield, into the empty areas of the sky, the last visible traces must lie along these slopes. It is their interplay of earth and air that gives to the mountains half their fascination, and they are not mountains unless they rise with relish into this fellowship. Mountains become lines of measurement in cloud scenery. They help to define its masses, make real its positions, and open up its spaces. The mind is thus borne definitely outward and upward from one step to another. The stability of the mountains gives reality to all that is associated with them. The features of the sky lose their dreaminess and remoteness and unrelieved form. The unfailing yet mercurial beauty of the heavens calls for this contact with the earth, or it floats away from us and is lost. Our eyes are not lifted to it, and do not penetrate it. Sunsets, of which mountains so often rob us, owe their power in large part, to the fact that so many tints of brilliant color are poured out along the horizon and thence travel to the zenith. Spaces are once more defined for us. The tent of the sky rises high above us, yet droops everywhere in gorgeous bands to the earth.

Forest-clad mountains have a nearness to, a fellowship with the forms and wants of life, a clinging to the earthward side of things, which make

them the most friendly expression of beauty, and give them, if not the strongest, the most constant hold on the feelings. Beauty has in them a domesticity, which is found only here and there in nooks and sheltered retreats of higher ranges.

The second form is illustrated in the Rocky Mountains. We have in this type an elevation which passes beyond the timber line, and enters the region of perpetual snow and constantly returning storms. Yet the summer months have a vital force everywhere. The snow nearly disappears, and the spaces between the timber and the summits are covered luxuriantly with grass and flowers. Though there are fine forests and many plants along the slopes and watercourses, the sense of barrenness predominates, and a feeling of desolation, as the ranges are viewed from their lofty peaks, clings to the landscape. Grandeur and strength and beauty are on all sides, and yet there is no predominate force, either of living things or of elemental energies, which fills the mind. It is a region of conflict between the two tendencies, with variable results here and there. The storms, with scarcely an intimation of their coming, envelop the summits and sweep along the ridges. Ascending Pike's Peak I have been suddenly overtaken by a snowstorm, seen it in a few minutes pass by me

and sink below me, and shortly leave a long stretch of upland glittering in the sunlight with the purest possible mantle. There is much grandeur in these mountains, but hardly the same sweet peace, which belongs to lower ranges; nor the overpowering sublimity of higher ones.

The third type of which the Alps are an example, with somewhat greater height penetrate to the very heart of strife, and by their vexing, stubborn tops create permanent centers of storm, and treasure houses of ice and snow. Along their slopes and through their tortuous ravines the glaciers creep perpetually down to the plains, and dissolve away amid the affluent life, which climbs their sides and crowds its way to the very edge of desolation. The cold streams, which burst from beneath the glaciers, the glaciers, which forever weigh down the streams mark the overlap of the conflicting forces. Summer and winter, construction and destruction, the warring elements that invade the open spaces and the flowers that spread into them wage an interminable warfare, retreating and advancing with the rhythm of the seasons. I know of no revivification of the entire life like a long tramp in the Alps, whose changes lie so close upon one another, are so sublime, so tender, so instinct with power. The shifting of scenes is so

frequent that one, with any fair measure of strength, is glad to be left to what becomes one's own sweet will amid these perpetual enticements. The method of movement most in fellowship with the world is walking; next, but quite a way off, is riding, having taken to ourselves fellowship with a life a little lower than our own.

Mountains owe their first and simplest power to their magnitude, magnitude upward, which most of all impresses us. A more important feature is their combination and grouping. Hills that hardly attain the elevation of mountains, as in the Lake country of England, may, by variety of outline, centers of strength, and lines of retreat produce all the minor impressions of bold scenery. A third source of power is the diversity of life, which accompanies them, its uplift and large presentation. The crowning force of the mountains is their fellowship with the air. Their summits are points of transfiguration. It is here that a sweet, dreamy feeling of victory over the world pervades us, a feeling that, without separating us from it, puts it under our feet, and leaves it floating in softened form and color in that highest, remotest sense, vision; but carries it quite away from all nearer senses and immediate uses. There are a liberty of feeling and a spiritual tone begotten

at once of the freedom and of the purity of the place.

It is a great aid to recreation to have a somewhat extended knowledge of some branch of natural science, and so a growing interest in it. Such a pursuit helps to impart that definiteness of aim which is necessary to give point even to the pleasures of the mind, and relieves us from taking up such amusements as fishing and hunting, which are at war with the peace and beauty of nature and which appeal to much lower sentiments. That a destruction of the most sensitive and expressive objects in the world should go hand in hand with our enjoyment of that world is a betrayal of brutal impulses amid rational insights; a presence of Satan among the sons of God. I have found botany to fulfill this purpose of definition admirably. I have only regretted that I have not made my knowledge more ample and exact. Yet the mind must be somewhat easy going in its recreations.

Two fine arts blend with and grow out of a love of nature, landscape gardening and architecture. No fine art unites strong sensuous and intellectual impressions more distinctly than architecture. In the interior of a grand cathedral, wit and workmanship, the subtility of the mind and the cunning

of the hand are at their boldest, if not at their highest expression. Fine architecture in fitting surroundings is the most visible and emphatic example of concord between nature and man. The enjoyment of it is as intense, and as easily renewed, as is that of nature itself.

True recreation does not so much recreate as create the mind. While it brings again to an edge the tools of labor, it puts labor itself in a new, a larger, and a better relation to the world. We are apt to think of recreation as something indulged in for the sake of labor; it is quite as just to look upon labor as something undergone for the sake of recreation, for a better grasp of the emotional world to which we belong. Systematic recreation is no small part of life as giving illumination and insight to its toil. Neither is well save in the full reflection of the other.

Fortunately more men find relief in social relaxation than in rustication. I have owed my habitual preference for the solitude of nature in part to a weariness that grew more weary among men. Men make a demand that it requires some vivacity to meet, while nature steals in restfully at every sense, giving all and asking nothing. Nature is the more divine, the more creative, the more recreative.

Society brings ready refreshment to those who love it, and have strength to bear it, but it leaves the temper of thought much as it finds it—saving ever that higher intercourse, which most of all things vocalizes for us the mind of God.

CHAPTER IV

PERSONS

I SHALL speak of but few persons, and those only who have shown remarkable quality and have been well known by me. My experience has led me to feel that the differences in power among men are less than our imagination is wont to make them to be. One who overpasses the ordinary standard but a little, takes a position quite in advance of his fellows. The limit in human life is comparatively close and firm, and to make a sensible impression on it becomes a great feat. Superiority on the race-course is an affair of seconds and half seconds.

Though circumstances do not make men, men are much indebted to them for the esteem they enjoy. The microscope magnifies the object without altering it. This is especially obvious when the traits of character, which give eminence, are to be displayed in action. The war of the rebellion produced a crop of heroes, which would hardly have been grown without it. In all probability, General

Grant would have remained an ordinary man in men's estimation but for this event.

One is usually intimately acquainted with those only in his own department of labor. The phase of power they show is familiar; though all real power has much the same inner validity. The honor bestowed by us on high qualities in public life is greater than that we accord to talent shown in literature, in the professions, in business, or in invention Yet the difference is one of conspicuousness rather than of inherent strength. Most of those who have occupied public attention in politics, and whom I have had the opportunity to know, have shrunk under near observation to something very moderate in itself, but magnified because the sense of greatness, the possibility of growth, which it imparts, are so much to us in all forms of attainment. The ambitions and reverence of the race attach themselves instantly to those who gain the front, even by a little, and so the heart of humanity pushes by their means onward. Judging as we do in a narrow and sensuous way, we are more quickly aware of this superiority in one calling than we are in another, and so we misproportion our esteem.

The first man of unusual power with whom I came in close contact was Dr. Hopkins. Dr. Hopkins was a man of very generous gifts in body

and mind. He easily made himself felt by his personal presence, his manner of expression, and by what he had to say. There was very little passion in his address, but there were breadth and insight and force. Though he addressed himself more to the intellect than to the feelings, his words carried with them a quiet, and occasionally a strong, undercurrent of emotion. He was never entangled in the subtleties of thought in oversight of its practical uses, yet the uses he sought for were more often larger uses than those which concern some immediate form of action. He moved chiefly in that middle region which lies between current events and speculative discussion. The men of action did not find themselves much moved by him, and the men of recondite thought were not often aware of his presence. While his chief influence flowed outward toward the world of realities and the nourishment of social institutions and religious sentiments, it reached men, as the waters of irrigation reach plants, through many secondary and receiving channels.

His great mastery, and it was a notable power, lay in putting ideas, moderately profound, so as to attract and to stimulate active, educated men—men engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life, and who rise somewhat reluctantly into the region of

pure thought. He was a man of the masses, but of the educated masses, and only through them did he approach that deeper and darker stratum of society which bears us all up. In lucid, penetrative, and forceful statement of relatively abstract conceptions, he rarely failed of high attainment. That numerous band of the best men who, in the hard fight of life, often covet a cup of those cool, refreshing waters of truth, which spring deeper than the surface, looked to him with unfailing reverence and admiration. Thus, year after year, his annual baccalaureate discourses appealed to the entire body of the alumni. At each meeting of the American Board he expounded and strengthened those sentiments which underlie and ennoble the great work of missions. In thus uniting the speculative and the practical in an expository process that addressed itself to culivated minds, he found the path of highest service. It was not a result, however, that he reached designedly so much as one which belonged to the very constitution of his mind. His powers of elaboration were admirable in their exercise. His method of unfolding and of presenting truth was not primarily a logical process. He had no especial relish for logic, nor did he ever care to teach it. It was not the skeleton of truth that he was at pains to construct but its immediate, living

body. He enriched his premises with inductive data, and did not expect the wine-press to yield wine till he had filled it with grapes. Herein he showed his close affiliation with the practical interests of life. He did not weary himself and others by an analytic movement too narrow in its terms to enrich the heart, but strove, rather, to weave thought and feeling into a wise comprehension of our immediate but better life. He penetrated deeper than the surface of things, but it was always with the hope of striking veins of pure water and giving them an immediate outlet upward. He did very little for truth's sake simply. He did very much for conviction; for those who were to receive the truth and to be enlivened by it.

His habit of mind was leisurely and unexacting. He rarely did anything which was not required of him by the circumstances in which he was placed, but these requisitions, when they arose, he met promptly and fully—promptly, however, in the sense of being ready when the time came, not in the sense of anticipating it. All his works were the product of a specific demand, and sometimes suffered from the narrowness of the occasion. Thus the *Outlines of Man*, delivered as lectures, was a meager outcome of fifty years spent in the pursuit and the instruction of philosophy.

He suffered the limitations, as we all must, of a dominant bent. He was so successful in the easy, critical action of a vigorous mind; so enjoyed liberty of thought, and was so influential over others and profitable to them by means of it, that he came to entertain something very like contempt for hard study and close scholarship, as things he had not found necessary. He was not a scholar in any department, and can hardly be said to have given himself at any time in any direction to continuous inquiry. He was a good gleaner, caught quickly the reflection here and there of expanding knowledge, and with much boldness proceeded at once to weave these snatches of insight into the tissue of his discourses. If he had lived a little later, when the demand had become more exacting, he would have prospered less. The data of sound judgment on social theories and spiritual principles are now too many, too recondite, too extendedly historical, to be reached by indolent, even though it be gifted, observation.

German philosophy he was disposed, with very slight apprehension of it, to pronounce futile. He had neither a bitter, nor an arrogant, but a comfortable contempt for any fruitage in the intellectual vineyard that did not yield at once a full stream to the pressure of thought he could apply

to it. He had but slight sympathy with those many painful explorations, that search for one thing and finding another, with that mapping of desert areas which necessarily accompany all wide surveys. He had to the full that confidence which goes with strong powers, and those of us who were hard at work felt that his satisfaction in us was united with the least bit of pity that we found so much labor needful. He enjoyed the first fruits of thought, and found them sufficient to meet his purposes and satisfy his tastes. For this reason he sometimes mistook repellant for unfruitful toil. He never mastered—few theologically trained minds do master—the methods of scientific reasoning, and so was never prepared to judge its results.

This want of mastery arises from a want of familiarity with extended inductive inquiry, and shows itself in not feeling to the full the accumulative powers of a wide-spread empirical argument. Who shall call himself wise in these forms of thought? Some are swept before converging facts as if the convictions of mind were mere driftwood on the current of events; while others stand braced in the stream, swaying and staggering, determined to cross it at right angles. The men we need are those who can unite induction and insight, science and philosophy, in an harmonious whole of ample

rendering, who, planted in the midst of the diversified facts of the world, can rise above them into the atmosphere of pure reason. Dr. Hopkins did this in a good degree, in the large, yet restricted region of inquiry with which he was familiar, but he never much increased his earlier range of vision by wide study, deep speculation, or real familiarity with the new terms of construction which our time is constantly giving us. His uniform popularity with the cultivated and devout, yet busily occupied, class which he addressed, was due to the fact that he stood within easy range of their vision, and, from an eminence, gave fresh authority to their own indolent conclusions.

Dr. Hopkins was primarily a rhetorician, yet a rhetorician of the noblest order. His presentations rested on wide principles, clearly and coherently put, with apt enforcement, and with no tricks or conceits of method. A sense of soundness and breadth uniformly accompanied his words, and this, with an unfailing dignity of manner, built up and retained that very unusual and universal respect which was so freely accorded to him.

Dr. Hopkins was, in many particulars, an admirable teacher, and the force and prestige of this fact, in a large college community with which he was so long associated, became very great. His chief

merit as a teacher was that he went, at once, to the substance of his topic, with an animated and interesting play of thought. He was quite sure to awaken the mind of the pupil, and put it "in act and use." He was formidable in the recitation room, but not in the least dogmatic. The student, aroused to eager inquiry, might catch, if he were not cautious, a ridiculous fall; but he was never pushed aside with mere brute force. A lively sense of humor was present, if not to relieve the immediate embarrassment of a mishap, at least to diminish the permanent sense of pain. Few have equalled him as a teacher in a lively, gracious interchange of ideas with those under his direction, and to many, therefore, he became the first vigorous, intellectual presence thay had encountered, and went with them, in this delightful relation, through all their lives. The alumni of Williams were very fond of returning to a conviction which President Garfield tersely put in the assertion, "A bench, with a student at one end and Dr. Hopkins at the other, makes a well-endowed college." This was with them a pleasant and dignified casting of a rich mantle over somewhat threadbare garments.

That the method of Dr. Hopkins reached its primary purpose with the majority of students, is undoubtedly true; and that it suffered some severe

limitations seems to me equally true. While many were awakened to activity, few were prompted to enter on any patient and profound research. Ready strokes of comprehension were more current than protracted investigation. While the unusual vigor, which belonged to Dr. Hopkins, prevented degeneration into superficial and verbal dialectics, his bold, self-contained movement anticipated that assiduous, empirical, historical consideration of an entire topic, which can alone give safe conclusions. Here again Dr. Hopkins hit the cultivated, rather than the scholarly mind. While the alumni of Williams have gained much from their long relation to one great man, they have also suffered from it. Alumni meetings and reunions—perhaps this is true of like gatherings in other colleges, I have sometimes feared it is—have lacked that clear, breezy, progressive atmosphere, which ought to be native to our higher institutions. I have often been reminded at our alumni dinners of the lines,

> "They gently yield to one mellifluous joy,
> The only sweet that is never known to cloy
> Bland adulation."

All things are dangerous in the degree of their goodness, admiration among them.

The department of thought, in which the labors of Dr. Hopkins were the freshest and most successful, was ethics. He presented an ingenious theory of morals with happy points of construction within itself, but one which fails to be adequate, because it strives to occupy intermediate ground between the two great historic schools of morals, doing full justice to neither of them. A more thorough acquaintance with these schools would have led Dr. Hopkins to see that they cover the entire field, and that they cannot be put together, by parts and patches, into any third thing. Many others, however, have shared this futile effort with Dr. Hopkins. His great adroitness was strikingly shown in his defense of his ethical system against Dr. McCosh. With the weaker side of the question, he managed, if not to win the verdict, at least to adjourn the case.

There is no question we can ask of more moment concerning any man, especially one in the position of Dr. Hopkins, than, what was his moral force? Men in physical struggles may rank according to the physical powers at their disposal; in the conflict of policies, by their intellectual vigor, but all lower forms of influence must, in determining ultimate values, be brought to the test of the moral ideas which underlie them. No man can be wise

without wide moral sensibilities; since it is these sensibilities which disclose to him true terms of action, man with man. One might as well expect to be a great architect without understanding methods of construction, as to be sagacious in social renovation without apprehending the inner force of sentiments and the outer forms of law, by which men are bound to each other.

Religious sensibilities are the most vital and pervasive which lie between men. There are three phases of a positive religious life; one which nourishes religious sentiments and is earnest in their propagation; one which strengthens religious convictions and is clear and constant in their enforcement; and one which is occupied with philanthropic reconstructions of society and a fresh ordering of facts under them. The first form belonged distinctively to Professor Albert Hopkins. It is the form to which the devout mind is wont to attach the most value, as holding in it all germs of propagation. Professor Hopkins possessed and was possessed by religious sentiments more profoundly and habitually than any other man I ever met. His was the prophetic spirit which abides in the region of spiritual vision, the temperament which gives pervasive power to spiritual principles and receives constant life from them. There was

always a movement in the valley of dry bones when his path lay through it. His spiritualized imagination at once knit together truths, dead to other men, in vital relations. He was the only man who ever, for a moment, carried me beyond the sober connections of reason.

Dr. Hopkins belonged to the second type. His religious influence was permanent, but chiefly intellectual. His nature was not an emotional one, and even when he gave expression to pathos, it carried with it to some minds an impression of unreality. It was a natural division of labor between the two brothers that when the elder had laid down the ways of righteousness, the younger should compel men to walk in them. Each of the three types is admirable, if sufficiently enlarged by the other two. The third, or active type, is the most divine, if it is sustained by wisdom of thought—and depth of sentiment.

Dr. Hopkins, in the liberality of his religious convictions, stood in the first solid rank of the church to which he belonged. The natural freedom of his mind carried him thus far, while his keen sense of urgent practical interests prevented his going farther. It was rare indeed that he either fell behind, or stepped in advanced of this position—the position of most immediate honor

and influence. He did not seem so much to aim at this result, as spontaneously to reach it by a natural balance of forces. He knew very easily and very thoroughly the whereabouts of those whose opinions he respected, the movable centers around which the thoughts of men were beginning to revolve. His intellectual and emotional habitat always lay in that region. Dr. Hopkins was a sagacious man, and sagacity, when it companions with devotion, always frequents this border-land, where the past and the future are commingling. Studying principles, not so much for their own sake and for their ulterior relations, as for their immediate uses, he saw at once and felt these uses, and was not easily driven beyond them. His bent was that of the builder who knows the existing demand and strives to supply it, not that of the architect ever rearing in imagination edifices whose materials are yet hidden in the mountains, and whose realization no man asks at his hand.

There is here a discrepancy between our pure and our practical ideals, which shows how little men are at one with one another resting on the same organic centers. The admirers of Dr. Hopkins, and they were not only very many but very wise and very earnest men, would be quite likely to receive the statement, with pause, that

Dr. Hopkins, gravitated, by moral habit, into the first ranks, but never took the position of a leader in front of all ranks. That which they accept uneasily when offered as a speculative theory of conduct, they especially delight in when brought to bear on action itself. No man is so honored as one who can keep well within the front lines and yet be there felt as a progressive force. This method is the realization of instant, practical power. Much may be said for it, and it may be commended on many sides. Into this path, the reason and the instincts, the clear perceptions and obscure feelings of Dr. Hopkins carried him. That cogent thought and far-off promise of the future, which are ever pushing us beyond the plane of personal contentment and social acquiescence, do not merely bring immediate discomfort, they necessarily bring much censure from the good men who are keeping things safe and taut. A sound philosophy of our higher life lies very largely in understanding all that is involved in these assertions. The inner calling of a man is determined by whether he harks before him or harks behind him.

Society is organic by virtue of the sympathetic submission of man to man, this imperious control of man by man. If it were essentially reduced,

division and dispersion would immediately follow. Some men, like Edmund Burke—and Dr. Hopkins in his degree—feel these organic forces in their every vibration, and work as tentatively and timidly among them as the surgeon whose knife is separating quivering tissues. Every community strong within itself must have this conservative instinct, and also an equally vigorous progressive temper to work upon it. The one is vital material, the other vital power The resistance of conservation is sustained by the inertia of men, and by the convictions of a few eminently wise men, who fear the dissolving force of change on the safeguards of custom. The progressive movement is chiefly due to a few earnest, ethical minds, supported by the restlessness of men under one or another evil. Customs and moral convictions are the two contending and constructive energies in society. When these convictions are clear and forceful, customs may be relaxed and reformed; when moral judgments are vacillating and wayward, the safe bonds of custom must be drawn the closer. A breaking away from familiar methods, when there is no supreme sense of right to guide the action, is the bursting of water through the sides of the reservoir which contains it. The radical leader, because of the force, it may be the

sufficient force, of ethical sentiment in his own mind, sets little store by the restraints of custom; and the conservative leader, distrustful of the popular temper, looks with alarm at any relaxation of existing ties. He has little confidence in a successful replacement of the old by the new. This balance of sentiments, holding one another in check at points of growth, is the essential condition of progress. It is not easy to supply either of them in a wise form, and least easy is it to furnish the incentives of movement. Whenever this progressive sentiment is present, in any high degree, it necessarily begets antagonism. There is no possibility of applying a positive push to society without being made painfully aware of its inertia. There may be faults of temper in the manner of doing it but they do not constitute, though they may often be thought to do so, the real obstacle. The chief difficulty is found in the unavoidable collision of tendencies: no amount of tact, which does not smother the moral forces involved, can escape the conflict incident to growth. The ultimate illumination and correction of society lie in this very struggle of ideas. The cogency and the success of the movement are inseparable from each other.

Those who prepare the way for progress, those

who propound methods in advance of the time, and familiarize men's minds with them, have, of necessity, an irksome task. They not only separate themselves from the masses of men, but also from those prudent, successful men, on whom guidance and authority are devolving. They sacrifice ease and honor and confidence in behalf of a phase of growth not yet in sight. They lead the most solitary, and the most useful, lives of any class of men. Their strength is the self-contained strength of convictions held in close and painful conflict with the doubts, perplexities, and hostilities of the times to which they belong. Seeking the well being of men, they would gladly win their sympathy and approval, but they are forever cut off from them by the spiritual spaces which divide them from those they would help.

Perhaps the one thing which brings most trial to social leaders is the fact that they are compelled to bear the opprobrium, and that from the better men of the time, of being unwise, imprudent, untrustworthy men. They are the more sensitive to this reflection as it is the very thoroughness and carefulness of their methods of inquiry that force them on to their conclusions. Because the new idea is a mine of truth barely opened, it furnishes no current coin, and men can easily deny that it

will ever do so. The domineering present has its own way, and honors those who have the comparatively easy office of keeping it true to its traditions. Men have a dull faith that improvements arise of themselves in each stage of the world's gestation, and have no observation for the first filaments of thought which precede these changes.

Under these conditions of progress, those who deal with institutions are situated very differently from those who deal with ideas. The latter should insist on the liberty of thought and keep the horizon clear; the former must accept the material most immediately applicable to purposes of support and construction. Those men are fortunate in their honors and fortunate in their pleasures, and render an admirable, though inferior service, who, standing near the centers of change, help to steady, to restrain, and to direct the movement. This was the position of Dr. Hopkins. He appropriated the conditions of growth, which began to offer themselves so readily that they seemed to be of his own providing, and he directed them so sagaciously to their proper service that he appeared to be a master builder. May we have many men of this especial power, though not at the cost of those more penetrative, self-contained, and remote minds who work up the obscure terms of thought until

they are within the reach of the assimilative processes.

It is wise to be satisfied with our limitations as well as with our powers. The desire to combine incompatible forms of service is vexatious, wearisome, and weak, and leads us at once to injustice in our estimates of men. To do one thing well in that very complex and difficult process by which society is carried forward, even if it be nothing more than holding fast the stays which prevent it from swerving in its course, is quite sufficient. In the throws of fortune—determined by the intricate interplay of one's powers with one's circumstances, Dr. Hopkins more often won doublets and triplets than any man I have ever known. Not merely astonishing, but uniform and admirable success, went with him through his entire life. The sweep of his thought was exactly that which enclosed sufficient of the present and struck far enough into the future to interest and to excite men without alarming them, and one uniform shout of approval, not loud but intelligent and assuring, accompanied his every effort.

This result was aided by a dignity and composure of manner which consorted well with his breadth of thought. He was not a man of strong or impulsive feeling, and was almost never driven

from his intellectual equipoise. In meetings of the faculty, things were sometimes said, in the heat and discrepancy of opinion, which were unkindly and irritating. He was rarely ruffled by them. His self-restraint enabled him readily to parry attack, and to put his opponent in the wrong. He had a lively sense of humor and a cheerful, social disposition, which rendered him very companionable. His hold on young men, and on men in general, became very strong. His adroitness and slowness to commit himself occasionally lost him the entire confidence of the more enthusiastic, but this was compensated by retaining the confidence of the larger number.

The most serious restriction in his influence arose from the want of a laborious, progressive movement in his own intellectual experience, and the narrow sympathy incident to it with the advance of others in knowledge. Most of those young men who returned to the college as tutors and professors found their second relation to him less pleasing than their first. There was something in the changed conditions to make this natural, but it arose chiefly from a lack of interest, on his part, with hard work. In my own case, he soon lost the hold upon me which he had previously had, and might easily have retained. I quickly

felt that I must prosecute my studies independently of his appreciation A little belligerency of speculative thought between us might have explained this in part, had it not been an experience repeated by others whose pursuits were remote from philosophy. The underlying difficulty in each case was this, his lazy, reposeful strength rendered him indifferent to diligence and slightly scornful of it. This attitude helped again to keep him in contact with those half-trained college graduates who control practical affairs, and have not much time or taste for research; but it lost him any stronghold on scholarship.

During his presidency, the college was characterized by a wakeful, effective temper, with comparatively little accurate and extended knowledge. If it had not been for the superior personal power of Dr. Hopkins, this result would have been felt to be very unfortunate. The majority of instructors do not have, and can hardly be expected to have, intellectual powers as vigorous as to command attention by their own movement simply. They must supply this deficiency by extended acquisition, and the ability to give the student thoroughly the data of thought. Indeed such men are of great value in a college faculty, no matter what may be the more attractive endowments of

their colleagues. Dr. Hopkins was by far too indifferent to the formation of a select corps of professors, each able in his own department to call out and to reward the labor of the student.

Each man, like a plant or an animal, has his habitat, and must be judged in connection with it. To disparage what one does because of that he leaves undone, or to extend the honor of his achievement beyond the bounds peculiar to him, are alike unfavorable to that sober thought which must give us our standard weights and measures in the spiritual world. Knowing him long and well, I thankfully accord great honor to Dr. Hopkins as one who helped to keep open the paths of truth; knowing him long and well, I must also recognize the fact that he was but an indolent explorer in that exhaustless realm yet to be subjected to us as the sons of God.

The instructor to whom I have been most indebted was Laurens P. Hickok; with whom I took my course in systematic theology at Auburn. This indebtedness arose partly from an affiliation of tastes, and more from his own great intellectual and spiritual powers. He was a man of almost perfect candor and catholicity. The personal element disappeared, save as a warm, genial interest in truth, in his students, and in their pursuit of it.

We were received, as those who were to explore for ourselves fresh continents, into large and inexhaustible resources of enthusiasm. Doubt and uncertainty were as much in order as belief, and the mind was trained to take possession with cautious conviction of its own captures. There was no distrust of truth or of God's leadership into it, no narrowing down of its range, no depreciation of the mind as an instrument of inquiry, no dogmatic enforcement of conclusions already attained. Freedom was given to all our powers in a large way; freedom was felt itself to involve the most undeniable feature in the divine plan. I would place no light value on the honesty and openness, which frequently accompany scientific inquiry, but it is far more difficult to secure this spirit in handling principles which intimately concern conduct, principles with which all the dearest ties of life are intertwined, and which touch facts often obscure and remote in their interpretation. Those months of study under Dr. Hickok were the most delightful and exhilarating of any that I have ever known. I felt the safety of a strong man guiding my thoughts in new and bold research.

Dr. Hickok was a decided intuitionalist, and by his *Empirical Psychology* and his *Rational Psychology* has done much to make more clear and

convincing the proof of the native grasp of the mind. To understand without the power of understanding seemed to him an impossible achievement and an absurd principle. Whatever haste and presumption may attach to this school of philosophy, it is able, as no other school is, to awaken and to elevate the thoughts. Dr. Hickok was an instructor, whose manner and method were wholly enjoyable and he stood with those, who were best able to appreciate his power, the venerable hierophant of a perfectly pure and peaceful spiritual cult. The elevation of a transcendental faith gained in him constant, proportionate, beautiful expression.

For a long time after I left the seminary, I remained in close communication with Dr. Hickok. His cosmic philosophy, for a time, greatly interested me and I often carried my inquiries to him. I slowly, however, came to see—or thought I came to see—that these speculations transcend the sound data of both our intellectual and sensuous experience, and that they can lead, therefore, to no profitable results. The terms of thought are vague, are expanded under a highly etherialized imagination, and leave behind them no verifiable conclusions. One's conceptions were an interlacing of sunbeams, lost with each shifting of the

clouds. While holding fast the essential principles of intuitionalism, I turned for their expansion and correction to the empirical methods. The conclusions that I have thus been able to attain, if more narrow, are also more secure, than are those reached by the transcendentalism of Dr. Hickok.

Dr. Hickok was strongly influenced by German philosophy, having made an intellectual gymnasium of the works of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. The boldness and freedom, which belong to these upper ranges of speculation, were very native to him. In theology, his opinions bore a sober, liberal cast and rendered him a very desirable instructor. His method was somewhat difficult and obscure for young men who had no predilections for philosophy; but a rare love and reverence were felt toward him by those who were prepared to be profited by his work. His life, in its even flow of graces, was one greatly to be coveted for the children of God. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us." A fine, measured spirit of philanthropy and of affection was with him always. Memories purifying, strengthening, and stimulating gather around him in all the higher ranges of thought.

In Andover Seminary, I met Dr. Park and Dr. Shedd. Dr. Park had a very subtle, analytic

mind, was exacting in his temper, and fond of control. His theological system was so liberal and so well sustained that one might be content to see it prevail, but in his own hands it carried with it so much of the stress of personal feeling as to give it somewhat the effect of dogmatism and to embarrass the mind in receiving it. He moved freely himself, but he wished his flock to keep close behind him. His powers were brilliant. An acute intellect and incisive rhetoric made him formidable, and he was not unmindful of the fact. He was willing to have it so. His personality was not swallowed up in the truth, and it was a piece of good fortune if the truth was not swallowed up in his personality. It was quite possible for his pupils to have for him a very reverential regard, especially that portion of them who added docility to quick apprehension.

Dr. Shedd was a lovable man, but possessed a mind that was a curiosity in its mediæval character. The most extreme views were held by him in quiet conviction, with complete oversight of the outrage on common sense and growing knowledge involved in them. The realism of the scholastic era renewed itself in this good, genial, able man, so belated in the world's history. It was very pleasant to come in contact with him, because

he was thoroughly a man, and because he was a revelation of things that have passed away. One of the least progressive temper could hardly believe in him, much less do him justice, without knowing him; and could not know him without wondering how such insoluble truths, broken down in his intellect and heart, could recrystallize in such pure and gentle affections.

Perfect success in theological instruction in a progressive period, and especially when associated with the liberal temper which characterizes our Congregational churches, is very difficult of attainment. A theological seminary must, of necessity, be conservative. It stands as the representative of the church to which it belongs, and of the authoritative instruction within that church. Authority, even though it be purely spiritual, must be cautious and critical. It destroys itself by any other attitude. Unitarianism has too dispersive and rare an atmosphere to retain its own strength. Religion is not simply a theory of truth, but conclusions deeply implanted in the popular mind with the sentiments and actions which accompany and sustain them. Faith cannot change more rapidly than life changes, without losing its hold on life, and missing its office. Yet it is an unmitigated misfortune when the accredited

expounders of a faith move less rapidly than the Christian life about them, and weaken truth by allowing it to become antiquated in expression. The truly beneficent professor of theology lives in close contact with his own time; is thoroughly aware of its latest attainments and changing sentiments; and is yet at one with that grand, historic, divine movement of which these manifestations are only passing phases. The force of the common life as it pushes onward, continuous, irresistible in volume, levelling all barriers and filling all chasms, full of a momentum that extends to every part of it should often be impressed on every one and on none more than on those, who attempt to expound the spiritual truths which spring from the insight of gifted minds, but suffer the correction and accept the uses of all minds—perhaps it would be more exact to say, those spiritual truths which arise in the service of all men, and are brought out in the clear consciousness of a few men. To stand firmly in the present, between the past and the future, with accurate exposition on this side and prophetic vision on that, is to be a messenger of God. There is no position I would have more coveted than that of a professor in a theological seminary. But I came early to see that I could not keep step with

any church, and must of necessity be a voice crying in the wilderness.

I would be glad to leave my own tribute of admiration and love to Dr. Bushnell. I met him but a few times and am hardly entitled to say more than so many are able to say who have entered into his rich, literary, intellectual, and spiritual life. He was a supreme product of the best productive powers of New England.

The one man of all whom I have known, who was most delightful to me in simply personal intercourse, was Professor Charles F. Gilson. In his college course, he suffered an injury in the knee in wrestling. It became the occasion of a permanent irritation of the nervous system which subjected him to a life-long discipline of pain and prostration. It softened and enriched his temper, without distressing or weakening it. He was a man of fine literary taste, artistic and spiritual insight; not over-ready of belief nor inclined to disbelief; volatile and warm in sentiment, and with a sportive, tripping imagination enlivened by humor and sobered by sympathy. One was able at any time to obtain with him that most enjoyable experience, an easy ramble in the higher and more emotional regions, without being compelled by any cogency of argument either to advance new positions or

to defend old ones. That pushing of the thoughts against one another, which soon becomes vexing, and may easily be narrowing, was readily escaped, and the additional pleasure and comprehension were secured, which belong to friends of like and unlike susceptibilites who travel together through a magnificent landscape. So few can move in the spiritual world awake to its music, and yet not tensely strung to an old melody and an enforced measure.

Professor Gilson, without leaving anything to his friends but those bright memories by which we save the past from the extinguishing stroke of oblivion, and stretch our lives backward under a sense of moving things and many years, was exceedingly useful and stimulating in a wide circle of acquaintances. We are so ruled by that instinct of individuality which impels us to grasp hastily at personal distinction, that we do not at once recognize the beauty of a life that flows noiselessly into the lives of other men, and gives them volume, depth, and purity. We may be more interested in the monumental stone which stands on the bank of the river and is soon left behind, than by the rivulet, which empties into it, keeps pace with it, and maintains its strength. Professor Gilson was a constant disclosure of the freshness and perfection of an experience, quietly centered in itself, yet

in eager ministration to the pleasures of others. My intercourse with no one has been less fatiguing, more refreshing, more diversified and free—like the following of mountain paths—than the familiarity I enjoyed with him for many years, yet years too few. The world is sensibly less habitable for me now that he is gone from it. The ear finds that a familiar echo has become remote and indistinct. The deep forest that gave rise to it has been swept away. Blessed is he who makes the world spiritually vocal.

The one man who has been to me the most constant, as well as the most intimate of friends, has been Professor Arthur L. Perry. Warm friendship imposes obligations as well as confers pleasures. I have always felt it unwise to allow the formation of these bonds unless one could wear them gracefully and gratefully. Repeated and vexatious readjustments destroy their value. There must be freedom and naturalness in them, or the compensations multiply beyond the gains. Yet it is a pity that one should have no ties but those of the household and those of acquaintanceship. Those of the household are too nearly allied to personal interest, and those of intercourse are too light and changeable. Neither quite covers the region of strong, spiritual affiliations. The

knitting of friendship, an integration of the life that is neither imperative nor indifferent is one of the most positive, vital, and perfect of enjoyments. Yet its essential condition, no matter how much pleasure it may confer and how many duties it may impose, is freedom. A true friendship is the spontaneous, organic product of our better impulses. It grows, therefore, rather than is formed, and not often do the fortunate conditions of its development return to us in our lives. The attachments of childhood are accidental and ephemeral, and in late periods we yield our regard very gradually, if not grudgingly. We feel the dividing force of events quite as much as we feel the uniting power of convictions. Early manhood, with its ripening judgments, hearty enthusiasms, and untrammelled action is the true era of friendship. Young men of like spirit, if planted together, may grow together, as interlocked trees. Yet the simile is only a partial one, for the integrity of every strong nature is too great to accept much modification that is alien to its own type.

Professor Perry and I spent many years in close contact in kindred pursuits, and under this affinity a friendship grew up that has easily borne all the strain of life, and has been perennially fruitful. While solitude is almost necessarily the habit of

the thoughtful mind, it is a solitude that may be delightfully broken by one who comes without intrusion and departs without circumstances. Nor is a close concurrence of convictions an essential of friendship. Friendship demands integrity, is the product of entire confidence sustained by a general affiliation of tastes.

Professor Perry was a man without guile. He entertained no devices and fostered no tricks. The absolute transparency of the man was unusual. It occasionally laid open his inner consciousness too deeply, but it left no wounds, no uncomfortable sense of things covered up. His frankness was accompanied with courtesy, but was not closely affiliated with it, as there was so little in his thought over which he had occasion to cast this form of concealment.

He combined a very positive, even dogmatic temper with one of much modesty and deference. What he knew he thought he knew absolutely—a feeling very common to laborious and painstaking minds—and what he did not know, he was ready to learn in the freest way of any one. His mental landscape was not one of lights and shadows, the visible and the invisible melting into each other, but one of well-defined and carefully traced parts, side by side with unmapped portions. The culti-

vated field and the open forest bordered on each other. Much as I regarded him, a regard that rarely suffered any jar, I often chose to sit quietly in the shadow of my own thoughts rather than to venture out with a contradiction, a criticism, a suggestion, into the sultry domain of his economic and political speculations. No light touch was possible, and a heavy hand was disagreeable and unprofitable. I have usually been ready for an occasional struggle, but I very much dislike to be compelled to contend convulsively for the very air I breathe. Our thoughts thrive best on the gentle insinuations of truth, which neither compel nor bar our own activity.

Professor Perry was the apostle of free trade, and did hard and successful labor in Economics. If one may desire opinions more qualified and sympathetic than those of the Professor, he may also be advantageously reminded that the action of society is the resultant of opposed forces, and if the economist is to give his theories their due share in the final diagonal of movement, he must not hesitate in their assertion, nor be slow to put them in definite contrast with conflicting beliefs. This necessity Professor Perry readily accepted, and though he may have suffered somewhat in his own thinking by the process, he did the work, and did

it well, that had fallen to him. His type of character was a decided one, and one ruled by deep convictions. If he had striven to soften it to suit the tastes of others, it is possible that he might have been more agreeable, it is probable that he would have been less useful, and quite certain that he would have been less a man. We may well broaden our movement, but for ends of strength every part of it must yield concurrent momentum. As the waves divide more and more in the wake of a steamer, so the expansion of thought for a vigorous mind lies chiefly in the rear. It encounters the obstacles before it with a sharp prow. It is only the opinion of an indolent, purposeless thinker, which comes gracefully curving downward to the perpendicular out of the sky and so sends an even ripple in all directions.

In 1899, Professor Perry published the last volume of his history of the town and college. It met with severe criticism as containing matter unjust and too personal, especially in connection with Dr. Hopkins, Dr. Chadbourne, and Dr. Carter. These discussions were in entire keeping with the character of the Professor, who was wont to go directly at the facts without much regard of conventionalities. The facts have not been stated in all cases as I understand them. Dr. Carter is

treated with undue acrimony. The faults of the book are not to be explained on the theory of "a softening of the brain," but rather on that of a somewhat too full flow of Scotch-Irish blood. The general views of the purposes of a college, its government, and interior construction are eminently just.

A friend from whom I have been much separated but whose regard has suffered no languor thereby, has been Professor Edward Orton. He was a man of a most independent but most gentle spirit, devoted to natural science yet ever in search of the clues of spiritual truth; ready to believe, yet finding it hard to believe under the repulsion of the irrational forms in which faith is so often offered. Our lives were enclosed in somewhat the same ellipse, though we occupied its opposite foci. Psychological truths were of chief interest to me, though I rejoiced to see them reflected by external things and gathered at a cosmic center. Material relations were his primary study, though he was ever anxious that they should become paths of light into impalpable regions.

We began our acquaintance in our theological course at Andover. In our very different lines of pursuit, we both passed, by similar divergence, from the lines of inherited belief. Meeting but

rarely, on each occasion, we sought anew our spiritual bearings. His generous regard, to which all acts of goodwill were spontaneous, has helped to give me a better hold on the trustfulness and restfulness of the human heart, to disbelieve the "vanity and vexation" of life. Is not this the most divine service any man ever renders us?

All along that dividing line which separates friends and acquaintances, I have found many delightful and worthy men, so many as to give but little excuse or palliation to my own social failures. I can only plead that my reticence has usually been the separation neither of pride nor of indifference, but the instinctive retirement of one, who feels that most of his pursuits are removed from the immediate interest of those about him, and that the spaces which must be traveled are already too wide for his strength. A good deal of the overflow of life arises from the redundancy of vitality. This physical impulse has almost always been wanting in me. The words have died on the lips because of the physical languor back of them.

CHAPTER V

FORMS OF WORK

THE chief occupation of my life has been that of a teacher. This was not a premeditated result, but one which grew out of circumstances. My preparation and purpose looked toward the ministry, and not toward instruction. The call to a professorship in Williams College, at a moment when its acceptance seemed desirable, settled the question of a vocation. The rough-hewn intention assumed an unexpected form under the moulding force of events. It has been a decided preference with me, though the principle bears a somewhat passive and feeble appearance, to shape my choices to conditions I had not myself secured. I have not liked to apply for places nor to force results. I have loved to feel that the shuttle of life was not driven both ways by the same mechanical, calculated stroke; that it played between those wide providences, which rule the world and my own immediate purposes under them. One's lines of preparation may well be definite, but when they

strike events they may also well be flexible under these new forces.

The idea of "a call" is a pleasant one, and not an unphilosophical one, if we mean by it a willingness to walk in any open path which seems to invite us. That that labor is assigned us, which lies most directly under our hand, is certainly a more generous and concessive view than that we are to pursue unswervingly that which best pleases us. Our overruling of the world, after all, goes but a little way; and it is better to give ear to its intimations than to wait till they become commands. Our wills should guide us, as the steersman his boat, according to the windings of the channel.

There seem to me to be four primary qualities in good instruction, the power to impart information, the power to guide the pupil in its acquisition, the power to awaken the mind to a love and mastery of knowledge, and the power to disclose the essential unity and composite scope of truth. The professional necessity sinks from the first to the last, the personal inspiration rises from the beginning to the end. The lower excellence can hardly be secured without some measure of the higher, and the higher ceases to be permanently fruitful without a large measure of the lower.

One cannot impart information well without being able to distinguish between central and circumferential, constructive and incidental facts; and this he can do only as the result of wide insight. To give vantage points to the pupil, to lead him to commanding outlooks, is a first pleasure to the teacher, and an office he cannot fulfill without very considerable breadth of thought. The clues of knowledge are discoverable only by those who are wise. An instructive storing of information, as a squirrel gathers nuts, is but a poor parody on the pursuit of truth. Nowhere does the letter kill more quickly and finally than in education. Erudition is the vanity and vexation of our higher pursuits, the much study which is not only a weariness to the flesh, but ultimately to the spirit also.

Perhaps no branch of knowledge, in its acquisition, better illustrates the wrong and the right method, than that of language—language which has so many conventional intricacies to which we can attach a factitious value, and language which sends so many delicate fibers into the fruitful soil of historic, artistic, and ethical development.

On the other hand, the amplification of thought can neither be continuous, secure, nor broad without a full and critical possession of the data which are their proper support. The vine must have the

wall, the tree, the frame; without them its twistings and attachments become but a tangle of hopeless involutions. It is at this point that erudition, which seems recondite and remote, may regain at once its footing by opening up an unexpected clue among facts. These, however out of the way they may appear to be, may still have vital connections. The relation of the two is simple and permanent. Knowledge is the proper food of thought, but the disclosure of mental relations is the only real mastery of knowledge.

There is a good deal of error and yet more stupidity in the current tendency to decry metaphysics. It frequently arises from a very vague idea of what is meant by metaphysics, and is often accompanied by a fresh exhibition of the very fault it is the purpose of the critic to censure. Metaphysics, as a philosophical and spiritual rendering of the world, needs constant correction, but it remains forever the most subtle form of our intellectual activities, making life pungent, inspiring, and worshipful. If we should eliminate the reasons of things, either in their more or their less obvious relations to mind, we should store empty nuts, nuts whose shells had been perforated and their life plundered, or nuts whose shells were too hard for our teeth. That we should ever be forbidden

the highest uses of knowledge, because they are at the same time the most difficult and the most inexhaustible uses, is a queer consummation of inquiry.

The function of instruction, the widest and the most worthy, is the disclosure of the world as an harmonious, sensuous, intellectual, and spiritual product. A knowledge of parts and minor processes has but a restricted service until we are able to see something of the inner force of the one whole in which they are combined. Nor let it be charged up against philosophy, that its conclusions are variable and indeterminate. This difficulty inheres quite as much in the largeness of the theme as in the inadequacy of the presentation; and this magnitude, this infinity is the foremost medium of penetrative thought. Would we complain of the clouds that they come and go in so many undefinable ways? Would we sweep the heavens of them, or put blotches of paint in their place?

The most serious evil, associated with the present tendency in education to special departments, is that the immediate uses of knowledge are allowed to take the place of its widest spiritual ministrations. The mind is made microscopic in vision and minute in method, rather than truly comprehensive and penetrating. That teacher

alone is a great teacher who, with the outer bearings and sensuous forms of truth, leaves a vital sense of the way in which things, events, spiritual processes flow into one another, and together build up a universe of marvelous scope, inextinguishable activity, absolute unity, and growing intellectual light. Here is the true solution of the problem of religious instruction. Dogmas of faith, blazed points along the path of revelation must forever be subordinate to the actual, spiritual world which receives them. They may help us to find our way through it, but it is its own light that gathers in their light and enables us, in the end, to understand both it and them. The deepest, best religious instruction can never be the enforcement of doctrine, it must ever be a wider revelation of the complex world, physical and spiritual, which will enable us to see how this world accepts the doctrines brought to it, expounds, modifies, and combines them into the Kingdom of Heaven,—what statements are rejected, what retained, and what reshaped by the flow of spiritual events Godward. The best exposition of faith may but vaguely define faith, so called, and yet be a real and comprehensive deliverance of the indissoluble interlock of physical and spiritual forces in the universe of God. Religious instruction must

discover to the mind the grace and eternity, the infinite resources and irresistible force of the divine thought. Reason, immeasurable, pure, and perfect, must seem to pervade the world in urgent correction of its evils, in an hourly disclosure of the growing resources of life. The movement in mind and the movement in things must synchronize in revelation. This is religious instruction, and all short of it is temporary, apologetic, fragmentary. The conflict and clamor of religious opinion, like the collision of waves, is on the surface. Drop deeper, and all is peace.

The antagonism of science and religion, of belief and belief, is due to a want of comprehensiveness, an inability to correct conviction by conviction, truth with truth, and to see that these adjustments must forever shift their form by virtue of that movable equilibrium, which constructive yet contending energies are ever assuming in their onward sweep.

Students accept good things gratefully. Secondary faults may mar a teacher's relations to his pupils, but, if he has insight and gives his vision unreservedly to them, the deeper enthusiasm awakened will make light of failures, or impart to them their own fascination as points of broken color. There will be a consensus of life, like a

full stream flowing from the mountains, clear, vocal, and strong.

Successful instruction in profound topics is most delightful, for it is the leading afield and shepherding eager appetites in the spiritual world.

Preaching, though a primary purpose, fell into the background in the actual unfolding of my life. I have preached continuously some nine years, and discontinuously some four or five years more. A want of continuity is a great abatement in the influence of sermons and in their disciplinary power. I have never taken much pleasure in discourses ordered by accident in the time and place of delivery, and having no close connection with the general flow of thought finding its way in the lives of the hearers. Not till life touches life are words, the flowers of life, fructified.

There are two very distinct forms of preaching, one that assumes an adequate possession of truth and looks chiefly to its popular enforcement, and one that institutes an ever fresh inquiry into truth, tracing tentatively its variable relations to action. A preacher, whose method is of the first order, will cheerfully accept, and will profit by any amount of repetition. It is said that Whitefield did not reach his full force in any given discourse until he had repeated it many times. His purpose was

immediate conquest with given weapons. The handling of the weapons was the secret of success. His aim was impression, his manner, histrionic, his force, the pressure of passion. Perfect familiarity, therefore, with what he had to say, and a complete elaboration of method were essentials of entire success. What is called eloquence, both in the pulpit and on the platform, is more frequently a product of this order. Eloquence, extraordinary power in enforcing truth, attaches, from the nature of the case, chiefly to some conventional routine of thought. Convictions that are already accepted and need only to be awakened in fresh activity are its proper subjects. The office of eloquence is to give sudden tone to the mind, as the energy of a galvanic battery is restored by renewing the bite of its liquid.

An inquiry into truth, on the other hand, is predominantly intellectual, not emotional. The new presentation cannot win at once such general assent, nor so awaken familiar feelings as to become the occasion of the stirring appeal. The orator leads the masses along broad and open highways rather than through obscure paths of exploration. The occasional discourse, therefore, in order to win the power of eloquence, must assume the chief points of discussion on common grounds of

thought, and throw its full strength into their enforcement. Repetition does not necessarily wear out this movement, but may increase its dexterity. It may also imply a predominant interest in rallying men to a standard, rather than an interest in advancing the standard to some new position.

One, whose words are the fruit of an immediate and interested activity of one's own mind on themes which seem to one's capable of fresh and more adequate presentation, finds decreasing satisfaction with each recurrence of effort, after that effort has once prospered. The freshness of thought is lost, and no excellency of manner comes in to take its place. He is walking in the fields after the sun is well up, the dew off, the flowers closed, and the fragrance out of the air. An uninspired *memoriter* movement takes the place of the eager, animated vision of the mind. I have almost uniformly found that the later renderings of a subject I had once mastered were unsatisfactory, unless a period had elasped sufficient to put the memory at rest, and to leave the inventive powers once more freedom of action. Even the most beautiful scenery needs absence to gain its hold upon us, and to unite a new and an old revelation into something better than either. The constant fading out of thought is necessary to its restored tension

and additive force. It is by no means a simple misfortune that we forget so much. Forgetfulness is like sleep, it gives a fresh edge to all our energies. The intellectual food that passes vitally into the system returns to it not as food but as strength. If we remembered all that we acquired, we should be confined much more than we now are to the dusty highways of thought. We should find ourselves in the least interesting phase of travel, the wide, well-beaten road that approaches a city. It is dangerous to know very much and to remember it all. The mind thereby loses the relish of knowledge.

I must think that there is something not more rare but better than eloquence, the movement of the mind of its own sweet will, in changeable ways, through all the seasons of thought. The necessity of eloquence is put upon us by flocks we are compelled to drive and cannot lead into adequate pasture. The eloquent man is a good driver of men.

Continuous preaching has two felicities. It demands a productive spiritual mood and tends to beget it. The mind is led to search for those clues, by which things and events lead upward into a higher life. It also compels the preacher to be familiar with the whereabouts of men. He is a

truly empirical, yet spiritual interpreter of society. One of the worst results of a severe system of doctrine is that the facts, in their most significant and divine import, are daily over-ridden by a distorting theory of them. The true preacher adds observation to insight, interprets the divine word as it runs side by side with the divine work in the world, and so is ever winning new points of departure and return, of instruction and correction in the Kingdom of Heaven. If he is lifted as on wings, his flight is still from position to position, from place to place, and he makes his home on the earth as certainly as if he only hopped along the ground. The eloquent preacher renews his inspiration by a fresh audience, the thoughtful preacher by a new service to be rendered to the same audience. The parallel rails which bear his car along are the inherent relations of truth and the immediate wants of men. Here lie all his demonstrations. The want discloses the truth, and the truth satisfies the want. The wise engineer in spiritual affairs, pressing the figure a little farther, lays down his road-bed along a graded incline, in which the theoretical and the practical so wisely concur that all the hopes of our lives, like the burdens of commerce, are borne by its ins and outs, its ups and downs, prosperously on their

way. Our immediate march is made not merely toward, but also in the Kingdom of Heaven. We have passed the frontier, and are now pushing forward toward its wealth-laden centers.

The preacher is properly an explorer and guide, and only half does his work when he falls back on exhortation, no matter how cogent. Eloquence simply closes up the ranks of an army, whose lines of advance have been determined for it. The preacher deals with all the sanctities of religion in their daily ministration. Some may think this ministration his primary purpose, to which preaching is only incidental. This is the formal order, but the inherent relation is the reverse of this. The true preacher is a priest because he is a prophet, not a prophet because he is a priest. He ministers in the most sacred relations of life because he is at one with them in insight and temper; because he comes forth from their spiritual penetralia. It is then that he puts on his priestly robes. In the mechanical inversions men are always making, they have put the priestly before the prophetic function, and have bidden the preacher to confine himself to the routine of religious thought rather than to explore spiritual realms. The aim is religious habit, not religious life, a repetition of one thing, not the winning of all things.

The never ending, never failing purpose of the preacher is to attain, for himself and for others, through himself and through others, the spiritual theory of life, and to give it a growing expression in the actions of men. This purpose will result in very different forms of presentation according to the current of events in the time to which one belongs. The doctrinal preaching of earlier years was not, certainly not as a whole, misplaced. Men were predisposed to a theoretical discussion of their relations to God and to the world. There was an intellectual and a spiritual demand at this point. They were doing their best to give these relations better expression. New dimensions were called for in this direction. That they should partially fail was a foregone conclusion. The narrow and hard forms of existing relations necessarily imparted their own severity to the intellectual formulæ of them, which were offered. Yet the thoughts were broadened, the feelings deepened, and one great realm ceased to be unknown and untraversed. The new conceptions were better than the old, better than the doubt and superstition they displaced.

In our time individual character and social construction—in themselves inseparable terms—are in the foreground. The mind of prophetic in-

sight is called on to furnish the clues of conduct, the paths in the social world, which lead to the Kingdom of Heaven, as an actual, a transcendent, a universal achievement. The prophet—and the two elements of prophecy, insight and foresight, are inseparable—must master his own time in its relation both to the past and to the future. Lessons by rote taken from the past lack both courage and guidance. The true preacher is always bearing the latest message in the Kindgom of Heaven, that Kingdom, whose inexpugnable term is growth, whose felicity it is to maintain the poise of motion between the conflicting temptations, the excesses, and the defects of method.

Dr. Hopkins once said to me, repeating the remark of a student, with a qualified endorsement, that my preaching had not a particle of religious power. The criticism no more implies that the preaching was bad, than that it was good. Excellent discourses, to a conventional mind, would come under this censure. One, who is ever watching for the accepted doctrine and the familiar phrase, who is steeped in the commonplace of religion, missing these insignia of grace, would think a sermon wanting in piety, though it were blazing a fresh path into the heart of truth. The sanctities of faith may be only the more deeply imbedded in

our speech, because, like one at work, it has laid aside garments, which do but trammel it, and has gone at its task stripped to the flesh. When the grace of God is preëminently at work, men rarely recognize it. They may easily mistake it for a Satanic movement, the destructive energy being so often in advance of the constructive force. The very highest effort of the preacher is to anticipate, to push, and so to soften the transitions and collisions of growth. He is with God, reverently, humbly, confidently, as a creator. Creation, rather than grace, is the watchword in the Kingdom of Heaven. Grace only widens and softens creation. Creation makes all things new.

To push forward, and at the same moment and by the same movement to achieve peace for oneself and for others, this is the divine mind. The Kingdom of Heaven is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The constant correction of our convictions along all the lines of truth, satisfaction in the concurrent force which these lines express, ecstasy in the manifest command of them all by a living spirit, this is the achievement of faith.

Burke deeply disbelieved in the French Revolution, yet he heard with reluctance and fretfulness the same opinions expressed from the pulpit. He

wished peace and spiritual rest in the house of God. A sentiment of this order is a wide one. Men love to retire into their religion as into a quiet and secluded shrine, from which much of the light, and all of the noise of the world is shut out, a place of repose and of renewed resolution, dropped with its solemn stillness out of heaven close by the thoroughfares of life. How is this somewhat just feeling to be met, and yet religion maintain its pervasive, commanding power? Rest and spiritual renovation are somewhat irreconcilable. The true preacher comes from a peaceful realm, one above the storm yet in full view of it. He is not hidden away from the tempest in a cave, waiting to creep out when its devastation is well over. He looks upon it as that which expresses, but also dissipates the dangers of the world. He walks with God in the storm. He wins peace by a deeper sense of the grace, which moves forward by calm and by storm harnessing them both, as two steeds, to the same chariot.

The true preacher is always prophetic, is necessarily prophetic, for he walks on the level of events and sees whither they are tending. The function of the preacher will never wear out, because he shares the divine mind ever declaring itself anew in the progress of the spiritual world. The mind

that is brought into fellowship with the Divine Spirit, is ever looking outward, where the work of renovation and creation is going on in its infinite fullness, variety, and beauty of effect. The first command carries all its force over into the second command, and secures in it the entire rendering of obedience. The thing done and the doer, love among men and love toward God, eternally interpret and reflect each other; as image after image, in unending perspective, is yielded in the heart of each of two opposed mirrors, a single taper as a midway flame, flowing down a path of light, into the depths of both.

Whatever success I have met with as a preacher has lain chiefly in correcting and deepening spiritual ideals. I have always found it difficult to write a good sermon. The abstract thought has won the mastery. I have needed the presence of an audience to hold the mind to its labor of elucidation and enforcement. Men are not fond of thought; they think they are but they are not; certainly not in quantity. One who measures off his truths, as a linen draper his goods, with unending precision, may be useful, but is not likely to be interesting. While facts without a fitting exposition are hardly of more worth than words without a meaning, men do not so regard them. They

accept the sensuous image even when its final purpose of instruction and inspiration is not subserved. I have striven to lead on, but have not unfrequently simply gone on. Yet it is in this very effort to turn truth into a highway of knowledge that truth most completely discloses itself to us. I have not been uninstructed and unreproved by my own preaching. I have stood with the audience in the presence of the truth overshadowing us all. I have not announced truth as if it were in some way my possession, but as that, of which we are together in search. The impersonal truth, as in some spiritual way gaining a personal presence, must be helped to do its correcting, guiding, and comforting work.

CHAPTER VI

WRITINGS

THE books published by me have been of two kinds, those called out by my work as a teacher, and those elicited by my interest in the topics discussed. My first work was *Political Economy*. In the second year of my tutorship at Williams, I taught political economy, using Dr. Wayland's treatise; it seemed to me intolerably simple and primary. A good college text-book should go directly and concisely to the heart of its topic, and leave plenty of work for the teacher and the pupil in enlargement and illustration. It is difficult to make a book instructive and interesting that is shallow, pellucid, tepid, with but slight suggestion of fundamental relations. One need not be afraid of any obscurity incident, not to the style nor to the method, but to the scope of the discussion. Attention is always awakened by any true vista into and through the topic in hand.

When I returned to Williams as professor, in 1855, Professor Perry was teaching economics.

We found frequent occasions to discuss the subject with each other and he urged me to write a text-book. My preparation for the task consisted only in a fair mastery of the principles of economics as presented in current English works, and the ability to put them compactly. I wrote a book not perfectly easy to use, but comprehensive, concise, and clear. I venture to call it clear, though all that I have written is, to a very considerable number of persons, obscure and difficult. For reasons not obvious to me, they find it hard to keep step with my discussions.

This book added very little, if anything, to the subject as presented by standard writers, but it placed it within easy reach of the teacher. It opened up the way for work in the recitation room. It was used several years in Williams, a short time in Yale, and for a considerable period in some smaller colleges. Shortly after its publication, a much wider interest in economics sprang up. New books appeared rapidly and many easy and fairly adequate ways of approach were furnished the student. My time has been so much occupied since its publication with other themes, that I have never revised the book, nor attempted to keep fully in with the growing literature of this subject. Professor Perry soon developed personal

and positive lines of inquiry, and all the office that fell to my hasty treatise was to furnish a little nourishment to the roots of other plants. Its composition, however, left me with a lasting interest in the topic.

The deductive method, which characterized the earlier English works, with its rapid, easy, and positive movement, is very fascinating to vigorous and inexperienced minds. I strove in this book to cover the fundamental conclusions of political economy and had the fullest confidence in their validity. This feeling has been much modified by a wider outlook. It still seems to me that economics, as a science, is to be secured only by a close limitation of the impulses discussed; but this restriction must be accepted understandingly, and the caution and restraint it puts in practical use on the principles reached must be fully recognized. With this concession, the unqualified statements of economics are not only interesting, but of great value. When, however, we come to apply them, we must restore the phenomena involved to their full complexity. In doing this, we shall find that the demonstrative force of our conclusions is lost, and that we are in the midst of the very obscure, complicated, and variable facts of sociology. ' My later inquiries have been eagerly

directed toward sociology, and so toward the conditions, which surround and modify economic principles, quite as much as to the principles themselves. The little that I contributed to political economy was soon lost in the swirl of a rising stream, and I make no search for it.

The second book which I published was *Æsthetics*. This has been one of the most permanently successful of my ventures. It arose from the demands of the instruction I was giving. Kames's *Elements of Criticism* had been associated with Campbell's *Rhetoric* in the college curriculum, as opening the way to literary and plastic art; I found the need of widening these approaches, and of giving them better support. While I was not averse to a discussion of the theory of beauty, I felt much hesitancy in touching its practical applications. My observation of art was narrow and untrained, and I very much needed a firmer grasp of the subtle insights and shifting sensibilities involved in it. This fact, however, helped to save me from an over-refined and supersensuous method, and left me squarely planted on a platform not too high nor too remote for the audience I had to address. My later knowledge of art has not seriously broken with these earlier principles. One cannot fail to see how very diverse are the criteria of beauty in

different minds, according to the predominant sentiments which belong to them. Catholicity in art, as in faith, is difficult of attainment, both because of the great scope of the beautiful and because of its variable degree of intensity in each one of its forms. Perversion, the perversion which accompanies strong personal preferences, is inevitable. The liberal, large, and enlarging refinements of art can follow only wholesome, robust, spiritual development. It is the higher forms of this enfolding that all beauty, in the very end, proffers to us. Only from the later eminences of mankind may the entire landscape be surveyed. The variety of impression, which belongs to a world of such very diverse yet mutually penetrable and harmonious elements, can only find entrance with us when different qualities, like distinct colors, flow at once together in a product to whose composite force we have been awakened by the experience of a life-time.

My third book, *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, grew even more directly from the tasks in hand. Called on to direct and to supervise the literary work of others, I strove to give a more positive flavor of philosophy to rules which wearied me in their routine use. The book was fitted, and is still fitted, to make the constructive processes of

thought more coherent and thorough. This was the only interest rhetoric ever had for me, that of intellectual architecture, though I was long constrained by the force of circumstances to give attention to a drill, which so readily becomes irksome to pupil and master.

Those whom I could most aid in composition were those whose methods of thought and expression were alike immature. The two processes could then grow together and help on either side strengthened the entire product. On the other hand, ease of thought and facility of expression were the most serious obstacles to improvement. This readiness of the mind anticipated all strenuous effort. There was no travail of spirit. Like water poured down an incline, sentiment and expression ran glibly on, and there was no volume, no accumulated power, no backward pressure. Hesitancy, embarrassment, inadequacy, all serve to check the mind, to force it back on itself, and to compel a more comprehensive survey—the necessary condition of more adequate expression. Thought and expression are so complementary, so much opposite sides of one indivisible movement, that ease and superficiality are almost inevitable associates. It is difficult to force the mind inward toward the penetralia of thought, when the out-

ward doors of language are swung wide before it. I have always experienced the danger of treating a topic hastily, in an inadequate moment. The road thus improvised always lay in my way when I was desirous to give the discussion more breadth and force. Gestation is once for all. An awkward yet able mind, one that has not yet found itself, is the only really interesting problem to a professor of literary obstetrics.

The first work, which I published simply and singly from my interest in the subject considered, was *Principles of Psychology*. Much later, when I came to teach philosophy in the University of Wisconsin, I rewrote and expanded this treatise that it might serve as a text-book. It always retained, however, in the prominence it gave to different subjects, the freedom of its first construction. In revising it, I changed the title to *Science of Mind*. The leading idea both of the first and of the second volume was a fuller and better sustained presentation of the intuitive philosophy. The trend of thought for a series of years has been very decidedly in the direction of empiricism. This fact, though it has served to divert attention from every intuitive rendering of the powers of mind, rather increases than lessens the value of this form of work. The present fashion of thought

will, in time, exhaust itself, and then the mind, its gains secured, will return to the corrections and further expansions of intuitionalism. *Science of Mind* leaves ample room for all that empirical philosophy has established, and places it on a much wider foundation than this philosophy alone can furnish. There is no form of thought to which I have given more protracted study than to empiricism; chiefly because in this direction have lain the corrections and enlargements especially called for by intuitionalism. Yet I have not for a moment felt that empiricism, by itself alone, contained any adequate guidance. It is only as a reflecting surface for light other than its own that it possesses real value.

The points, which I feel confident, with the confidence that always accompanies insight, will be gathered up by the philosophy of the future, are the primitive quality of mental powers, their wholly distinctive form-element in consciousness, and the consequent impossibility of blending physical and mental phenomena by any third fact termed sub-conscious. These alleged facts are wholly intangible and fanciful; most completely unempirical, though so often urged by empiricism. They offer a third something between the phenomena of space and the phenomena of conscious-

ness which has neither intelligible locality nor conceivable form. All phenomena that directly concern the mind are either distinctly neural or distinctly mental phenomena; the two are incapable of confusion by virtue of their respective form-elements, space and consciousness.

The ruling idea of *Science of Mind* is that consciousness, as an ultimate form-element, holds its own phenomena in absolutely primitive and incommunicable limits. Subconscious phenomena drop away as mere chimera. The subtle and influential character of neural facts are fully admitted, and the analysis of mental powers, absolutely unique in nature, is made as complete as possible. While the ultimate paths of thought will not conform to any one man's vision, the spirit of prophecy is deeply involved in all clear insight, and a possible forecast of the rational world is certainly present in every part of that world. Let the light wax, let the dim outline become assured sight, let the day spread itself over fields that just begin to be seen, the beginning and the end will still touch each other, parts of one growing revelation. The personal and the universal will be gathered up into one indivisible product.

Whatever value attaches to my labor, it inheres just here, in the defense of the primitive force of

thought, self-directed toward the interpretation of ever changing, ever coherent events. The event does not gather in the thought, the thought gathers in the event. Here is the everlasting struggle, equally in empiricism as in intuitionalism. Here lies our defense alike against dogmatism and scepticism, against a purely idealistic and a purely empirical tendency. If one's thoughts are simply another phase of enveloping events, they can have no universality, they cannot attain to that ineffable thing, truth. They remain variable facts among facts infinitely variable. If the mind, by virtue of data within itself, develops deductively the line of events, it is thereby led to lose sight of the utter emptiness of its symbols, symbols that can only be impregnated, made fertile by a universe in and with which they have arisen; symbols that must rest back on some substance if they are to issue in the harmony and extension of all knowledge. Reason, pure, transparent, is in its flow like the clear stream, which gives a mathematically just reflection of the objects among which it moves; which yet, by virtue of shifting banks, shifting days, shifting seasons, renders nothing twice alike, though all things are in eternal continuity. Philosophy, theology, sociology remain to be wrought out under variable

events, never twice the same nor twice lying in the same light, yet by an insight as certain and coherent in its principles as are the laws of color which at any moment rule the physical landscape. Thought is no more disturbed by the complexity of its subjects than mathematics are baffled by the multiplicity of the phenomena in which they inhere. The flexible and the inflexible are the eternal constituents of knowledge.

Principles of Psychology led to a course of Lowell Lectures, entitled *Science, Philosophy, and Religion*. These lectures were moderately successful in the delivery and, in their published form, were not carried beyond the first edition. They were too abstract for the popular mind. There is a handling of pertinent truth which is clear, catholic, and just, without being tenderly sympathetic. The theme rather than the thoughts of men about it occupies the attention. The air grows purer as we rise in it, but it also grows colder, and has not the prolific vital power of its lower, less elastic, and vapor-laden strata.

A second course of Lowell Lectures was granted me two years later. This course I published under the title, *Philosophy of English Literature*. When I introduced the study of English literature at Williams, it was not often embraced in college

work. There was no accumulated experience as to the best method of instruction. At first I found it difficult to arouse interest in the multiplicity of facts embraced in the few current manuals. This difficulty gave occasion for an effort to unite the facts more closely in a succinct review, and to give them somewhat of a continuous, historic, and causal development. I ultimately succeeded in doing this. The lectures were the fruit of this effort, and have been found useful by many teachers in the same direction. The work grew out of the needs of the recitation room, and has distinguished itself from most of my books by being remunerative. A general survey of the facts of English literature, followed by a concise discussion of their dependence on one another and accompanied by a study of leading authors, becomes a very quickening and a very thoughtful form of work. Insight and reflection are alike called out. When the chief attention is directed to a few classical writers, our knowledge loses the breadth we have a right to expect, and may easily become a somewhat indolent indulgence of literary tastes.

A Philosophy of Religion, the next book that I published, was a spontaneous product of my deepest, most habitual experience. I had no

other purpose in view than to render spiritual truth more distinct to my own mind and to the minds of others. All the discussions of philosophy, all the experiences of life have had their chief interest for me in the light which I have found them able to cast on the one problem of spiritual destiny. The difficulty of this problem, far from being a reason for waiving inquiry, has only been a provocation to inquiry. It has seemed to me the natural accompaniment of the magnitude of the questions involved. This is a region in which slight gains are large rewards; in which all times and persons gather truth in one common treasure. The movement, like evolution, is inevitable and increasingly fruitful. Knowledge and achievement are inseparable in it; we see farther by moving forward. If the gold of truth, which with all his diligence is found in any one man's sieve, is very little, it none the less adds something to the sum of the most representative, permanent, and enticing of values.

The movement which this volume indicates has gone somewhat farther in my mind since its publication. The doctrinal and traditional trammels of religious truth have almost wholly fallen off, and that with no loss of the sense of verity, authority, safety. The fortifications to which the

mind had first turned for refuge have crumbled away, but the feeling of security has grown at every stage of the process. The spirit of power moves only the more freely, and encamps only the more fearlessly in the open field, the unobstructed spaces of the universe. Here alone it is able to say all is mine. This volume I have reason to suppose has strength and arouses in a few minds, though only in a few, the same feelings which gave occasion to it in my own experience. These feelings, once called out are sure to grow, though they have no occasion to feed long on that which first nourishes them. The work is not addressed to any violent or sceptical frame of mind, but to one who is beginning to loosen, in many directions, the cords which have bound him too tightly.

The book had the good fortune to find its way as a work of reference and study into one theological seminary, a seminary in which the traditions of the fathers were held to be garments which might be overworn. As long as men are proceeding but slowly in bursting the present integuments of thought, and breaking out into light and air, this volume may be helpful as rendering one of the ways in which spiritual liberty may be won.

The Growth and Grades of Intelligence—Comparative Psychology—was an effort to unite a

belief in the primitive powers of mind and their empirical development into one consistent view. The statement suffers somewhat, as much of my work suffers, from a too concise and too narrow presentation. The voluminousness of most authors has been so tedious to me, that I have striven in every way to avoid it. Moreover, the force of a clear conception has seemed so final that I have not sufficiently felt the necessity of detailed support. Yet, in a discussion of this sort, the impression made on most minds will be proportioned to the number of examples by which it is inductively sustained. I believe that the general relation of the several phases of intelligence indicated in this work is capable of most adequate and abundant illustration, and that the more obtrusive facts, which look to an opposite conclusion, easily give way under wise and extended interpretation. My books have had many brief notices, but rarely one indicative of any insight. Praise has not given me much pleasure, nor censure much pain, since neither the one nor the other has been delivered at the center of the target. This work received in the *New York Tribune* the most discriminating review it has been my good fortune to secure. The book, though one of the best that I have written, has attracted very little attention.

I have great confidence in the belief that the forms and grades of intelligence, as here defined, will be found to harmonize the facts of animal and rational life; that the lines of division laid down cannot be effaced.

When I took up a new field of instruction in the University of Wisconsin, I experienced a second time the need of text-books. This need gave rise to *Ethics* and to *Natural Theology*, and to the revision of *Principles of Psychology* and *Science of Mind*. I first used the *Moral Science* of Dr. Hickok. My own book is in fundamental accord with this volume. My desire in publishing it was to shift somewhat the point of view, to give the theory of morals a statement suited to the changing criticisms of empiricism, and to widen out its principles on the side of sociology. I have found in instruction that the interest of students is more easily secured in a discussion of the theory of morals than in a presentation of duties under it. This presentation should be, I believe, a brief one on the side of principles, when it deals with familiar virtues, and receive expansion only in fields of action whose obligations are less well defined. Sociology, with its often obscure and difficult duties and its many fresh directions of inquiry, affords one of the most needful and desirable

opportunities for the extension and correction of ethical ideas. Principles become vital, and the logic of duty coherent and forceful, when they are unfolded along the lines of urgent, social activity. Vitality is the one quality of good instruction, and this we can find only where vital forces are at work. He who can apply principles is so far a master, and he who does apply them in action is so far virtuous. Nowhere do clear insight, refined sensibility, and wholesome activity blend so perfectly as in the knowledge of duty.

I wrote my work on *Natural Theology* in order to present the argument for the being and attributes of God as modified by the doctrine of evolution. The objections one meets with to the familiar proofs of *Natural Theology* are almost wholly associated with evolution. They can be overcome only by a thorough apprehension of this theory in its strong and in its weak points; in the things to be accepted and the things to be modified or to be rejected in connection with it. This idea of evolution has been of so incalculable a value in giving coherence to our conception of the universe, and has done so much to expand and to purify our notion of God as immanent reason, that it should be with us a first principle, equally

in theology as in science. My work on *Natural Theology* assigns it this position, and restates the argument in harmony with this view. The relations of matter and mind, the interdependence of the two, and the question between them of priority involves the deepest philosophy, and must, therefore, be capable of an ever improving statement as our knowledge and insight enlarge. A profound personal experience of truth is a prerequisite to any satisfactory formula in this field of thought. Belief here involves faith in that it searches our purest spiritual life for the fitting terms of its expression. We can touch the coincidence of matter and mind, the incidence of thing and thought, deftly and truly only as, and where mind asserts itself most profoundly and independently. All along border-lines matter is the predominant element. It is matter that fences in and defines the universe, as the body fences in and defines the powers of the spirit. The spirit itself is revealed to the spirit and to it only. Certainty and self-assertion, being and comprehension here blend in one.

The four books which followed, *The Words of Christ*, *Problems in Philosophy*, *Sociology*, and *The New Theology*, were all called out by an interest in the topics discussed, and had no connection with

my work as a teacher. *The Words of Christ* aims at disclosing the overwhelming rational element in the instructions of our Lord. It is this element, not dogmatic authority, which assigns his teachings their true position. It is by virtue of light that he is Lord of Light, by virtue of truth that he is the Truth. It is this perfectly independent, interior, and universal force in the words of Christ that the volume strives to present. The first chapter was written for the *Unitarian Review* and then withdrawn because of the suggestion which it gave me of a wider treatment. Some topics, like the closing chapter on the natural and the supernatural, reappear elsewhere in my writings, partly because of their many-sided character, and still more because I have found it difficult to say my last word upon them, so central are they, so capable of suffering fresh confusion and receiving fresh exposition. A single line of presentation no more retains its serene light under changing perplexities than does a summer day the lucid air of the morning. The visible and the invisible melt into each other no more constantly along the fringe of clouds than do changeable conceptions replace one another in the eternal blending of the natural and the supernatural, the outer physical form and the inner spiritual force.

Problems in Philosophy is a system of philosophy cut down to a few of its most pregnant principles. In this reduced form it offers itself more modestly and more bearably, when the assurance and the burdens of speculation are already so great. It may well be doubted, however, whether current methods of discussion are any more tedious than are the processes of thought with which they are associated. I have found in public assemblies that debate is exceedingly circuitous and wearisome, but that hasty efforts to shorten and to correct it only involve fresh confusion. Presentation is so slow because the pace of the mind is so painful. Then also the corrections and counter-corrections which lie among us must each have the full light of thought turned upon them. According to the complexity of truth are the multiplicity and difficulty of its readjustments; and according to the number who take part in the inquiry is the earlier confusion of cross-conceptions. There is no use in begrudging the time it takes to secure and to diffuse adequate knowledge. Long speeches and full discussions gain also somewhat by sheer volume. Length is a ready measure of amount, momentum is inseparable from bulk. A curt speech and a concise treatise are often followed by so many objections and misconceptions as to com-

pel a re-opening of the entire topic. The fagots so snugly bound up must be untied and spread out a second time for observation. I have also found that conciseness may be mistaken for repetition. A second sentence may present an important shade of thought not contained in the previous one. If the difference were dwelt on, it would be recognized, but passed rapidly, it is not seen, and the second assertion is mistaken for a needless restatement of the former idea. I began very early to cultivate the power of concise composition, but have found it, like all other methods, subject to its own difficulties and limitations. A full presentation will often seem to be and will be a wiser one, and will better impress the mind with the amplitude of the thought. Moreover, we must keep step in intellectual as in physical movement. If the reader is not sufficiently familiar with the subject of discussion to spread it out at once under the light, then the writer must shake it loose, let it fall in ample folds, and carry the eye luxuriously over it. *Problems in Philosophy* is made up of bits of closely folded thought, which, if one has the wisdom to unfold and to unite them again, offer a cloak of no scrimped pattern. My error has usually lain in not making a sufficiently voluble and voluminous appeal to the attention of men.

The work on *Sociology* is preliminary and theoretical. I found a much fuller, and more practical presentation shaping itself in my thoughts. I have had occasion, for several years, to lecture on sociology, and a field so wide and fertile overwhelms one with the multitudinous processes of reaping and of storing the harvest. All culture of mind and heart, all gains of science and faith, all inherited forms of law, and all renewed forces of life are united and completed in sociology. One can hardly be adequately furnished for this work. My instruction, on this subject, began with Sunday afternoon lectures in the University of Wisconsin. I have been struggling somewhat vainly for a long time to secure for it an adequate presentation in the course at Williams. This effort now promises to be successful, and I hope to make the next few years effective on the side of social theory.

When I find my theoretical out-look on life so hopelessly in advance of the conditions which surround me, I instinctively take up the refrain: "I would not live always." We sometimes think that the world loses much in losing ripe men, yet ripe men, like ripe fruit, need to return to the seed again for all purposes of growth. We do most for the world when we are working at close quarters

with it, gathering our conclusions into fresh centers of thought and suffering all the collisions of immediate contact. These first steps over, our lives are segregated, are separated out from the crude material about them, and are less responsive and submissive to its present wants. The plant that looks to transplanting is ready for the change the moment it begins to overshadow and to burden the soil. One is fortunate in keeping, as a teacher of young men, so long in the center of the stream.

The New Theology aims to present those inevitable, just, and living tendencies which are issuing in the interior evolution and enlargment of faith. I have paid the price—not a very severe price, yet the price—of personal liberty, and I have won a right to its ready and easy use in all the higher forms of thought. It is a glorious thing to feel faith strengthened by what at first seemed a rupture of its bonds. A bird falling from its nest turns the disaster into a discovery of new powers of flight. I am chiefly thankful that I have been able to stand quietly, continuously, and fully by my own convictions, and that these convictions have been corrected—I would that they had been more completely corrected—by sympathy with all the renovating thought of the world. Let the spiritual world be renovated, let the Kingdom of

Heaven come. That interpretation which renews the world in its vital forces leads into the Kingdom. I do not feel that the liberty which I have used has been a wasteful or a reckless one, but chiefly a divine ministration of truth to the spirit itself. Theology is new, life is new, all things are new in the measure in which they are an immediate medium to the incoming revelation of God.

I have a volume ready for publication entitled, *An Historical Interpretation of Philosophy.* I have endeavored to trace in it, carefully and critically, the one central channel which, amid innumerable shallows and lagoons, makes navigable the stream of philosophical speculation. There ought to be, there is, one movement which cannot be covered nor confounded by these vagrant and divergent expressions of thought. The gravitation of truth, obscure and intangible as it is, cannot be less real than the gravitation to one issue of widespread and sluggish waters. There must come confirmation to correct theory, as there comes, no matter how slowly, discharge to a river choked by its own drift. This midway current, fed both by empirical and by purely speculative inquiry, is found in a modified intuitionalism. Every form of knowledge has its own ultimates, and these

ultimates are, in philosophy, our own powers of comprehension.

My books, up to the present time, 1892, have cost me over $6000 and have returned to me about $4000. This means an aggregate circulation of 15,000 copies, and an average sale of 1071 copies. According to the terms which have been granted me, each volume must reach a circulation of nearly 2000 copies before it begins to be remunerative. A large part of my warfare has been at my own charges, but, as I have chiefly aimed at the presentation of things which seemed to me valuable, the only tangible regret is found, not in the costliness, but in the inadequacy, of the work. It is fortunate that all vigorous life is so overcharged with confidence that it does not easily admit the fear of failure. We confront the world with a brave heart because we take it and ourselves at our own estimates. If we cannot square the account as it stands, we increase and diminish values until it yields the desired balance. Is this dishonesty, or is it that truly wise temper which makes a spiritual gain, the utterance of our own lives, outweigh all other gains? An adequate aim is requisite to give a rational form to action, but action, once entered on, gathers much of its profiting from the incidents which lie along the way.

An excursion in the spiritual world is not unlike a recreative trip in fine scenery. We need a destination, but it is not the destination alone, but quite as much the intervening spaces, which make the day successful. Often as we must apply the narrower standards of success to our work, so keeping ourselves in the thoroughfares of life, we constantly find within ourselves, and are ever cherishing the hope that there may be beyond ourselves obscure rewards carrying with them a more adequate justification of our conduct. We live by bread, but not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Bread is only the conspicuous, capital letter which introduces the divine word, not the very fullness of the word itself. I have been criticized for writing too much. Perhaps so; but much of the force of the criticism arises from a failure to see the innumerable secondary purposes subserved by composition. Would it be better to do a "big thing"; or would the big thing be better done by a surveillance of the many minor things which lie close at hand? Life must be left to lift itself, to declare itself as it is and where it is. The only excuse I offer is diligence in doing little things.

At the present date, 1900, I have added several volumes to my published works. *Social Theory*

grew out of instruction, and gives a much wider and more practical statement of social principles than that contained in *Sociology*.

Evolution and Religion was designed to show how thoroughly the spiritual development which is expressed in religion is contained in the unfolding of the world; and consequently how undeniable and invincible are the primary beliefs and tendencies contained in faith. *Growth of Nationality in the United States* arose from lectures accompanying a study of the Constitution, and thus has been offered as a fruit of instruction and an aid to it.

I have now ready a book entitled *God and His Goodness*. This is likely to finish my publications. I should be glad to give a treatise on the English Constitution, but the shadows are too long. *God and His Goodness* aims to present that view of human life, which best brings out its inner force and the goodness of God shown therein. It again is offered solely as the vision of love. Later than the time above indicated, this book was published but wholly at my own cost and has chiefly been given away. This has happened partly because it would bear no price and partly because it, like all love, is without price.

CHAPTER VII

THE FORMULA OF PERSONAL LIFE

EACH of us opens manhood with a maximum of fresh personal power. All germs are full of special potency, and often rich in nutritive material; but nowhere does conquering force come into such complete consciousness as in the mind of the young man. He matches himself with events as if the conflict could not but declare in his favor. It matters very little what philosophy may say about freedom, the problem is entered on with unfailing confidence and solved in the one bold way every time a man-child is born into the world. Conquering and to conquer is the inner meaning and motto of all life.

As this first impulse exhausts itself by its own efforts; as the obstacles to be overcome renew themselves inexhaustibly; as the immense breadth, depth, momentum of the forces, with which men have to deal, disclose themselves; the hero, just now so sure to conquer, may be led to feel that he is the sport of energies wholly beyond him, the

victim of a delusive liberty, the bond-servant of an inexorable fate. The vigorous youth hardly notices, or spurns joyfully aside the snowflakes that fall on his path. He finds in them no burden; he is aware of no opposition. Hour after hour they come trembling down. The light feathery mass begins to delay the feet. The loose drift is gaining coherence every moment. He is compelled to arouse his energies to meet it. His strength is disclosing limits close at hand, the obstacle seems more and more illimitable. The inequality of the conflict declares itself, and the strong man perishes like a very feeble thing.

All the forces of inheritance within ourselves, all the determinate and unchangeable conditions of life without ourselves, unintermittingly, when we sleep and when we wake, spend their inexhaustible energies, their eternal inertias, in wearying out our will, in subduing our strength, and in bringing our new life into subjection to the old, old laws of the inconvertible world about us. How can this conflict, so deceptive in its incipiency, so full of the illusions of mere cloud-drift, terminate otherwise than in the world's becoming, in its gross texture and heavy weights, the open grave in which the spirit, in spite of its higher potencies and subtle ways of elusion, is sure to be buried?

An easy victory over the world is the morning dream of youth, a wide-spread and dreadful conflict is the noonday impression, ready, with the coming night, unless the soul finds succor, to darken down into the sense of utter defeat.

The working formula of our personal life is liberty, an indefinite power of doing; increasing strength and inexhaustible satisfaction in the thing done, spontaneous impulse, imperishable hope, rational forecast, a growing sense of duty, the vision of faith, all concur in fastening upon us this indomitable law of conduct. They all offer us this one formula—liberty. Is it an illusion? Does the wider survey of philosophy assure us that we are accepting a struggle to which there can be but one issue; that we are wearying ourselves with no sufficient purpose; that the snow which is gathering along our path is making the question one of miles, rods, feet? Would sober, proportionate, prudent thought lead us to substitute another formula, submission to the inevitable? Is this the law of our real life, when stripped of all misleading hopes? Are its precepts: Do what is immediately rewardful in the doing; Leave undone what cannot be done; Sit down when fatigue overtakes you; Cross no weapons with the inevit-

able; Cherish an abiding sense of the immeasurable and invincible?

Every human spirit is thrown back on itself a thousand times as this one question is put to it in a thousand different ways, with a pertinacity as tireless as it is evil. All one's life is spent in resolving this doubt. It does not simply return in a triple form at the opening of life, like the temptations of our Lord, but it comes sneaking back all through life like a worthless dog that has been driven away and stands as of old at our back door when we are ready to sally out on some new enterprise. Does this lack within ourselves of a harmonious and restful method belong to us as the doubt and disturbance of peevish, pessimistic powers; or is it the seal and significance of unattained greatness? Is this the way in which life defeats itself; or do here lie the victories of faith, the steps by which we go up into the mountain of God?

The first reconciling term is a due sense of the universe as necessarily furnishing the continuous, coherent, common lines of all change. A large share of inflexibility must belong to the world, in its function of storing our collective growth. Will, in its voluble, fickle impulses, must not sink deeply, and at once, into the framework of things. Resistance and constructive value measure each

other. We are dealing with all the world and with the will of God, and we must find our way slowly into places of wisdom, peace, power. When the universe takes us up, we are taken up for the Kingdom of Heaven.

A second reconciling thought is the certainty and sufficiency, for our purposes, of the change we are able to work in the world. The world in many ways bends to our service, and once broken it submits to its load like a patient beast of burden. We sit by the bank of a river. We cannot replenish its fountains. We cannot alter its destination. Yet to how many uses we can put it. To how many changes of much significance to us we can subject it. How completely the new and the old unite in it in the aid it renders to our lives. Deeper modifications would mean mischief oftener than improvement.

Moreover this inextinguishable impulse of life may well stand for the last direction, the latest momentum given us as we go forth from the hand of God. Life has conquered the world, spiritual life may well conquer it again. There is more hope, more vision, more acceleration in the second than in the first conquest. Let us stand by the instant, the most significant path of the world, that in which it is budding forth afresh in us in its endless

evolution. Evolution is with us, not against us. The things as yet but half declared command the future. Light is the dawn of a coming day.

A fourth reconciling term is that of time. The physical universe has the better of us, as yet, in the matter of time. Its folds are so voluminous that it easily inwraps and smothers our resentful lives as very little things. We are dealing with days. The world deals with aeons. But the future is ours as certainly as it is the world's. Past years will not avail it forever. The chariot may weary us when we first begin to run with it, but our strength will mount up to the contention. We are born into the world. We may share its patient, imperturbable power. Confronting the limitless past, we must rest back on the limitless future. Having this support, the past itself will become increasingly ours. We are not unequal combatants in the struggle with the world for larger life, for this life is not a thing of the past but of the future. Prophecy is with us. The past even is not at one with itself; it hints of things beyond itself; while the future is set apart as the field of their fulfillment. It has no other significance. If we once more strike in, in this long race, we shall find that the inner energies, the inspirations of the conflict, are not evenly

divided between us and our adversary, the senseless and dull soul of things, but that they are all with us, the last living force of things.

The reconciling element, which above all others justifies our practical formula, is the presence of God in the world. The world is not a dead world, it is not even a mechanical world, whose method and rate of rotation are fixed. While elements of fixedness and certainty enter largely into it, they are, in many ways, modified and softened in their relation to mind. Bounds are elastic, ends may be re-shaped, movements may be retarded and accelerated. The world is alive with a Spiritual Presence. While, therefore, its inertia and its momentum remain as the expression of the sobriety and adequacy of the divine thought, they are not forces with which man intermeddles at his peril. They concur with him and he with them in accomplishing purposes which may be widened and hastened in their own order. The element which most delays the Kingdom of Heaven is the spiritual one, the human one, and enthusiasm visibly accelerates its movement. The devotion of the spirit to good, its resistfulness to evil, its struggle for instant obedience are not ill-directed or wasted energies, they unite the mind of man with the mind of God; they inspire in men kindred pur-

poses; they harness our powers productively into the physical and spiritual system to which we belong. Its magnitude, even though that magnitude expresses itself as inertia, is no longer an injury. If the world were more flexible, if all things could be speedily accomplished by us, there would be in this fact no spiritual gain. Better, far better, is it to work with God at great things, slowly wrought into the very frame-work of the world, and at the same time and by the same processes into the secret recesses of our own lives. All fresh enthusiasms are truly germinant terms in the problem of being. It is thus that the sense of waiting on God plays so large a part in spiritual life. Though the vision tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come; it will not always tarry. Waiting is not waiting, but the curbing of our superficial and fitful thoughts, until they settle down like well-broken horses, to the work which engages them. Our entire spiritual experience turns on our ability to cast ourselves unreservedly upon the renovating forces of the world, and there by insight and by obedience to grow into the divine mind. It is law and law only that binds us to our tasks. We thus come to see that we are not, in our devotion, flinging ourselves passionately and foolishly against adamantine walls; but that we are finding

our obscure—obscure to our mole-like vision—way into the unfolding purposes and sustaining love of our Heavenly Father. Thus we meet the infinite in, and through the finite ever taking form under his and our creative hands.

A sixth reconciling fact is immortality. If our work could be gotten as easily and quickly over as we would wish it to be, where were the significance, the intellectual and spiritual extension of these everlasting years. If we are being incorporated into the universe, sharing and accelerating its wide-cast movement; if we are rising to a position of real forecast and true participation; then are the years of God and the divine life truly with us and in us. Our lives are gaining depth enough, gathering breadth enough to share the seed-sowing and fruition of all years.

Immortality, also, as involving a transition, a change of conditions, whose nature and extent we cannot fully anticipate, will doubtless bring to us more favorable terms of life and may carry us forward into fields of activity, in which the constructive processes shall respond more immediately to our touch; in which the inner forces and outer forms of action shall lie more nearly parallel with each other, and in which things otherwise dead shall be more instantly permeable

by things forever alive. If so, what an infinite demand will be laid upon us for the wisdom, which prudence and patience and experience have here wrought in us.

Yet this anticipation is often only another of our indolent devices by which we put outside conditions in place of inside energies, the work of another for our own work. When we have a feeble, slipping hold on what is, we wait anxiously for what is to be, expecting a better grip on our part of its possibilities. Yet a tree that is withering up in the soil assigned it will hardly revive when transferred to new and strange conditions. We are straitened in ourselves; and difficulties are ever difficulties of life, not of the terms of life.

The power of our personal formula is the power of faith, the inspiration of the soul within itself. This faith is an achievement, not a principle; an unfolding of the mind toward the light, not a dogma. It carries with it the sense of immortality by virtue of inexhaustible powers, a growth that is ever pushing into growth. Growth commands all powers, answers all questions, holds within itself all promises, contains all secrets, resolves all doubts. Let the affections begin to unfold themselves in the light, and light becomes not merely revelation but life, which is the joy of

revelation. A wonderful unity and power enter at once into life the moment it asserts itself. It becomes true to the world, the world becomes true to it, and delays and failures turn themselves into fresh forces and larger victories.

A seventh justification of the law of liberty is found in the very nature of liberty. Liberty is not spasmodic, detached volition. Volition is the incident and product of rational life, not its very substance; as the sparks beneath an electric car are mere indications of its motive power. Reason, by its own coherent processes, its own self-directed insight, moves forward from within to take possession of the world. This is liberty, the liberty of the soul to see, to act, to enter into, and to share all wisdom. By this movement things themselves, fully framed in rational relations, are possessed and subjected by mind. Is it matter that is winning its way over mind, or is it mind that is pushing its way with fresh explorations into matter? Liberty, in the very end, is not so much resistance as it is concession, and concession that subdues the conflicting forces, as the hawk rides on the brisk wind it confronts. One movement only holds all things, expounds all things, the movement of reason, and liberty means our participation in that movement. Reason can never sell itself to servitude, can never

accept servitude. This is suicide, the one act which is ever and utterly illogical.

We cannot rise into spiritual life until we understand and know how to employ the free, forceful laws of that life; and the moment we do this, the new power, which is in us, gains a strange energy, a conquering strength over things, which before seemed stubborn, rock-like, hardly subject even to fracture. It is true that the relatively immutable remains immutable, but it remains so only as the antithesis, the measure of the mutable; as the tenacious fiber out of which, by a deft, delicate hand, the strong, smooth thread of life is quickly twisted. The crucifix is the symbol of utmost resistance, and also of utmost assertion, and by that sign we conquer. Not until, by the sense of spiritual power, we can overtop the topmost thing in the world, shall we subdue the world under us. This is our victory.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FORMULA OF SOCIAL LIFE

IF personal life meets immense resistance to anything like violent or extended change, much more does social life. We here come in contact with a still wider range of resistful influences, and confront them, not with the exceptional vigor of a single will, but with the average, indolent purposes of the mass of men. The prudent view and the inspired view of duty are, therefore, still more diverse from each other in collective than in personal interests. A quiet, philosophical outlook over the field of development compels us to see how much time must necessarily be consumed in implanting, as convictions, feelings, customs, fresh social principles; how much more time will be required to soften, to subdue, and to change these very convictions and customs as the progress of events puts them into new relations. Events themselves are slow; the correct interpretation of them still slower; while each new movement chokes the way for that which is to follow. The progress

of society is like the march of an unskilled army, it is subject to every variety of accident; each division is in the way of other divisions, and helpless and exasperating delay overtakes them all in turn. Philosophy, therefore, is ready to say that these cumbersome forces, which rule society, cannot be much accelerated in their action. The law of the movement compels it to be a sluggish and a wasteful one. A providence far wider and deeper than human providence has these changes in hand, and our wisdom lies in keeping aloof from either repulsion or propulsion. It matters, indeed, little whether we push against so formidable a body in front or in the rear; in either case we waste our strength. A goodness, therefore, which assumes the type of prudence, will leave that to be done which is being done and wait with most comfort and least loss for that which can not yet be done. Philosophy is wise and will not sanction a useless squandering of forces.

Religion, on the other hand, in its more eager vision; its fellowship with the supernatural; its convulsions and conversions: its days of the Lord; and its millenniums, pronounces for immediate and exhaustive efforts, and this, century after century, though nothing in the actual progress of society, under all the exertions of faith, contra-

dicts the calmer thought of philosophy. Religion has mistaken little flurries of dust for cyclones. Formal changes have been magnified in their importance. Pietism and fanaticism have repeated themselves, not indeed without growth, but with no such deep or rapid renovation as in any way to break the slow, continuous march of society. The church, with its divided brotherhoods, remains an isolated organization, an incidental, vacillating, and frequently secondary cause in the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven—the Kingdom in which the divine idea in its breadth and strength is to declare itself. The world, the world of God, moves slowly, picking up or pushing aside religious ideas and methods as a portion only of the multitudinous things which are rolling on, like a river to the sea, under the comprehensive, constructive providence of our Heavenly Father.

Standing between this philosophical impotency, this fatalism on the one side, and the sense of spiritual potency, so often fatuous, on the other, what is the true formula of social action? Is it not, Push earnestly, continuously, unhesitatingly the development of truth for its vivifying relations to our own minds and to the minds of all men? Here again consecration, and consecration alone,

is achievement. The central, the ruling power of the spiritual world is truth. One must so conceive this world, and be faithful to this conception, or one does not rise into it, one misses its unity, one falls off from the divine mind. In a search into the truth and into the use of the truth,—processes in the end inseparable from each other—we have to do with its intrinsic force and with its widest relations to the minds of men. It is its intrinsic force which justifies our formula. Its highest gifts will follow in this line alone. We are not to use truth simply as a convenient lever to pry into position the weightful minds about us, and so to make an open path suitable to our immediate wants. Truth is not to be, as it is so often made to be, one among the many means we employ in influencing men. This notion always implies some end ulterior to the enrichment of the spirit itself. It is not life, but something wherewith to grace life, that we are thus seeking. A quick sense of the effect of what we are saying on the minds of others is a very different thing, in its relation to character, from a keen insight into the scope and applications of truth itself. The one directs our attention to the relation of men to our immediate wants; the other, to the complete dependence of our own mind and all minds on the inherent force of spiritual things.

The misapprehensions and perversions, which truth must meet and overcome, are involved in its constructive purposes. We might as well expect to lift great blocks of granite to their positions in a wall, without inconvenience or strain, as to subject the lives of men to new and higher principles without resistance. As a certain weight attends all things and is the ultimate bond in all physical union, so an inertia belongs to thought, and becomes the firmness of all spiritual movement. There is no way of working without work, no way of measuring results save by the labor of attainment.

While we have great and constant occasion to fear a too narrow application of the truth, we have no occasion to fear a too early or a too persistent urging of it for the ends of growth. The inertia of the human mind is quite sufficient to steady it. Nothing so steadies the mind as truth itself, in its checks and counter-checks. The mind is always and above all things entitled to the truth, and entitled to be brought in the most complete form, and with greatest possible rapidity under its influence. There is no worse usurpation, no more unwarrantable appropriation, than that of the truth as an esoteric possession by those, who think themselves alone worthy of it; nor is there

any way in which truth is more surely squandered in its most benign influences than by this neglect of its largest relations. The very fact that there is so much misapprehension to be removed, so much resistance to be overcome is ground and reason for haste If the morning is cold and misty, so much the greater occasion for the sun.

One of the grandest books of our generation is John Morley's *Compromise*. It most profoundly accepts and enforces the eternal claims of truth. There is no more unripe and sour fruitage of truth than contempt, and contempt is the ruling feeling in withholding truth. It is the capacity of the mind for the truth which alone makes it worthy to be revered. One may, indeed, be embittered against the world, bringing to it many trains of thought for which it is not yet ready, but his ill success comes to him because he lacks the skill, the quietness, and the patience of a good gardener. He hastily thrusts his seeds into the soil, and is angry at the cold, wet ground which as speedily rots them. The discipline of the truth is a discipline of our entire nature. Our virtues flow from exactly the same fountains as do our just conceptions. As light, heat, the actinic ray are all present in every sunbeam, and together constitute its revealing and vitalizing force, so are

there discovery, enlargement, new affections in the truth-seeking, truth-giving temper, rendering it in the spiritual kingdom the one constructive power of the divine mind.

Seeking to move society, we cannot plant our capstans too directly and distinctly in front. All corrections, for it and for us, will come out of the labor. The formula of prudence presupposes independent renovating powers in whose action we acquiesce; the religious formula assumes a divine energy which is to renovate the world in an irresistible way, we waiting on it in prayer; the spiritual formula remembers that we ourselves, primary powers in spiritual things, chief instruments in the hand of God, are to furnish the impulses under which all progress is achieved. Thoughtfulness, consecration, progress are all variable phases of one thing. There is among them a vital interaction under which they prosper together or fail together. The philosophic formula assumes impulses which it fails to furnish. So science often traces the processes of life and ignores life itself. The secret of Christ is the reverse of this. The attention is diverted from the immediate gains of life to life itself; the inner hold of the mind on truth, and of the truth on the mind. This movement, in its

just completion, cannot fail to disclose all the beauty of perfect and proportionate spiritual things. Thought and love, human insight and divine revelation unfold together as one kingdom, in which neither is an instrument but both are reciprocally instrumental. That to move in behalf of reason, to move with the divine mind are at once sound philosophy and true religion is the secret of spiritual life, the formula of social life. Only thus do we gather that life into ourselves; only thus does that life gather us into itself. To live and to move and to have our being in God is to stand in the most conscious direct contact with his renovating grace, ourselves appropriating it by being a medium of it to others. We gather life by being where life is, ever reaching forward with it.

CHAPTER IX

RELIGION

THE great spiritual struggle in my time has lain between naturalism and supernaturalism. In my youth, supernaturalism, scarcely broken in force, was in possession of the field. The attack of naturalism, in the form of science, had been fully opened, but its chief batteries were not yet in position; the doctrine of evolution had still to complete and to establish itself. The urgent need, therefore, of a thoughtful life, covering this period, has been a new adjustment of these two tendencies. Monism has been the predominant faith of philosophy. It has arisen from this need of a higher unity, and has taken an empirical or a spiritual direction according to the constructive predisposition of different minds. Neither science nor philosophy nor religion can fully maintain itself without an unbroken field of thought, the condition of continuous and coherent inquiry. Each and all demand a world at one with itself. Monism has been sought by the subjection of

the laws of mind to the laws of matter; by the subjection of the laws of matter to the laws of mind; and by taking both up into the being of God.

In this strife, I have accepted naturalism as against sporadic supernaturalism, and supernaturalism as against a fatalistic naturalism. Mind is the seat of orderly supernaturalism, matter of determinate naturalism. Nature, as the root of the two worlds, should mean fixed, physical coherences. The one thing that has grown for me ever clearer has been that the processes of reason underlie all other processes; that the sensuous terms of matter are simply diagrams in the demonstrations of reason; that the transition between the mobile movement of thought and the immobile movement of matter is that between the sentiment not yet uttered and the sentiment once uttered. While, therefore, the world of experience necessarily opens with dualism—offering itself in all primitive terms—it ripens under reason into one product, everywhere alike permeated by mind. The unity of the world is purely rational. Indeed unity is pertinent to reason, and to reason alone. It is correlative with the diversity of things. Each is necessary to the other.

While, therefore, the coherence of the unfolding

processes of the world, disclosed to us as physical laws, has ever been on the increase in my thought, the sense of a pervasive personality has been equally on the increase. The diagram and the demonstration have been flowing on together. Reason has kept pace with the instruments of its utterance. Reason, in its expression, resolves itself into two products, an unfolding universe and a ripening spiritual life. The firmness of the one in no way destroys the elasticity of the other. Both are equally real, and real through each other.

The illustrations are many. The more vigorous is any given form of life the less may its laws be violated, and the more freedom and ease are there in the handling of them within themselves. Reason is ever resolving itself into the logical coherence of propositions, and is, at the same time, subject to the infinitely susceptible movement of the feelings. The vine, climbing at liberty over its trellis, is no more subject to the straight lines of its support than is the human spirit, at play with its own emotions, bound to the fixed forms of the physical world. This liberty of thought has increasingly seemed to me the true flowering of material things, that into which all evolution is forever ripening. It is the lambent flame which gives light, not the fixed relations, which underlie

its immediate activity. We must accept the phenomenal force of laws, the spiritual freedom to which they give occasion, or they lose all significance. Unity lies in enveloping the necessary with the free, as life lies in wrapping the world about with a vital, volatile atmosphere.

Under this process of thought the collision of creeds has been left behind. One supreme, pervasive, personal presence—thought shining forth as love—has been the central fact of being. All other facts derive their significance from this fact. Christ, our Lord, is the fullest revelation of this Divine Spirit, and draws all eyes by this simple force of light. The laws above all law are those of conduct, waiting to be disclosed and to be achieved in spiritual liberty. In this disclosure and achievement—a divine purpose and a human fulfillment—all wisdom, grace, conquest express themselves. There are no definite limits, no fixed lines to this movement. It has in it the growing resources of the universe. It will spread over, cover, adorn, and turn into liberty all its sensuous and gross forms. How it will, in each instance, issue is beyond our prediction, but not beyond our hope. The victories of righteousness, whatever losses may attend on them, will be complete and universal. Life, spiritual life, is ever taking deeper, more

penetrative possession of its own. This is evolution. Immortality is the essential, rational—and all things are rational—condition of this movement, and this movement is the immediate force and proof of immortality.

Generic, general well-being includes specific, personal well-being. There is no salvation of the race which is not, at the same time, the salvation of those who compose it. Holiness is the all-inclusive and conquering law, and holiness is at once the inexorable law and the enduring liberty of reason.

The various phases of dogma which this creed displaces seem to me to have held some fragments of truth, more or less firmly, as their vital force. The germ is enveloped in tough, oftentimes coarse integuments. These, once broken asunder and left behind, are thenceforward of very little value. Yet they have, in their order, held the life, have subserved its purposes, and have lain in the line of its development.

If religious truth is the most stimulating of all forms of truth; if it is the oxygen of the spiritual world, by whose eager affinities all other truths are built up into a system, then religion is no external, partial want of the spirit, otherwise complete in itself; it is the breath of its life, without which it suffers slow strangulation. Religion is life—

a wider, deeper, fuller life—gathered, by slow transfer, about a new and higher center. It is being born into the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the descent of the Kingdom of Heaven upon us.

Religion as a life, with resources and felicities wholly its own, may be understood and tested only within itself, only by living it. Its insights attend on achievements, its range of observation on ascending heights in the spiritual world. Does this faith justify itself in the vital force that comes with it? Does this life reward itself in the very putting forth of its own powers? It has seemed to me, in the measure in which I have possessed it, to put the idea of extraneous authority and external reward out of the question and to leave the soul full, overflowing with the pure felicity of being. To make this quite true, and continually true, this life must be allowed to have, and must win its full sweep. It is not a maimed and limping movement, which gives unalloyed delight. The liberty of the spirit must carry with it the liberty of the mind; and the liberty of the mind, the liberty of the affections; and the liberty of all, the liberty of the body. The higher powers and impulses must rest freely and firmly back on the lower ones. The light which falls on the summit of the range must not disclose any undue ruggedness or

precipitancy or barrenness along its slopes. Serenity and proportion and affluence must be found everywhere. If the religious life is complete in itself, and in full fellowship with all life, then it is true that a loving Heavenly Father giveth unto his own all things richly to enjoy. The struggles by which this victory of spiritual life is to be won, the failures, near and remote, which attend upon it, do not essentially mar the life which prospers by them and rises above them. The substance of that life is and must be a sense of power, a sense of possession, an apprehension of, and an appetite for virtue achieved under turmoil. The beautiful day, the day of supreme refreshment, breaks through breaking clouds, and rules the elements rife with storms. If we can feel the Great Heart of the world beat, and our hearts beat with it, we shall not wish its mighty throb quieted, nor our pulses stilled. The march of events, their various and multitudinous voices, will all serve to express the scope and force of the life, of which God has made us partakers and which he marshalls, century by century, with fresh, creative energy. All we shall desire will be to grow into the universe, which is growing into us.

My religious faith seems to me to gather increasingly all the force of reason into itself. It has

never suffered any shocks of unbelief, nor tarried in any one camp for any considerable period. I have been upon the march in my spiritual beliefs from the beginning to the end. Though the mental movement has been somewhat in advance of the practical movement of personal and social regeneration, the two have not been sundered, and I have a growing sense of the certainty of the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven in the earth, and of its methods.

My changes in religious belief have consisted chiefly in steadily shaking off formal, theological opinions as not sufficiently grounded in facts, as subtle beyond knowledge, and in putting in their place a spiritual rendering of the events of the world. Faith has thus become inductive; and life and faith have grown together. Such a tie once formed, is not easily broken asunder.

If I were to judge the world by my own experience, my own consciousness, I should find no great darkness, no spiritually inexplicable points in it. My own discipline has been plainly a discipline full of all ennobling possibilities. The things not understood, the irresolvable nebulæ, lie in the apparent conditions of many other lives. Yet I feel that we are here liable to a deceptive rendering. We put together incompatible terms,

which are nowhere actually joined, our own personal impulses and another man's external surroundings. The outer and the inner are the reverse and the obverse of the same thing. A life, no matter what that life is, has a certain harmony of its own. Its forces, spiritual and physical, are in vigorous action and reaction on each other, and are, therefore, however depressed the position occupied, pushing toward a corrected and perfected equilibrium. The internal and external are not, for any considerable time nor in any considerable degree, in conflict with each other. Germs and climate fight their own battles, in their own way, and are ever looking toward some adjustment, some form of life. I believe it, therefore, the sounder philosophy to take to ourselves the comfort of our own inner form of light, to feel assured that God's grace is in no way limited to us, and that what is done here and now with us and for us stands for the larger, later possibility in the entire world of truth.

We ought to accept life, even spiritual life, in the full circuit of its varieties and incipient forms. This is a part of the teaching of the doctrine of evolution. Things have value backward and forward. The earlier life is not to fall into the shadow of the later life, since that later life has

sprung from it. The world moves together, and so takes all with it. We have no right to put upon incipient lower forms of intellectual and spiritual life the stringency and scope of moral forces which fall to us. The danger and liabilities are, in each phase of being, according to the character of the being itself. The wrath we have accumulated about the baser, more sensuous kinds of transgression, belongs more properly with us alone. We must have a summer sky before we can have the thunder-cloud. Widening my judgments with these consolatory thoughts—which are the most necessary expansions of faith—and the world seems to me to be the very garden of God, resting under the first warm spring days of his love, and our prayer becomes that we all may thrive in this vital sunshine.

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